McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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NO. 9

OLDEST MAN IN COUNTY DIED YESTERDAY

George W. Near Passed Away at His Home in East Smethport.

AGED 96 YEARS AND SIX MONTHS

End of a Long and Useful Life Came Early Yesterday Morning—Had Lived in This County Upwards of Fifty Years—Funeral Services This Afternoon

George Washington Near [illegible] to the best of our knowledge and belief, the oldest man in McKean county passed peacefully into the Great Beyond at an early hour yesterday morning, March 1, 1911. The cause of his death was the [illegible] incident to old age, he being 96 years six months and [illegible] teen days of age.

Mr. Near was a remarkably strong [illegible] continued [illegible] up to the last two or three years kept up wonderfully both physically and mentally, and his mental condition was perfectly sound up to the time of his death. [illegible] the [illegible] ever since [illegible] of [illegible]. For [illegible] Mr. Near and [illegible] kins were [illegible] in this [illegible] And a peculiar [illegible] Mr. Calkins died [illegible]

George W. Near [illegible] N. Y. [illegible] 1814 [illegible] world [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Who [illegible] declining [illegible] until [illegible] ture from [illegible]. We trust that [illegible] sleep is the sleep of the just and that the awakening may be [illegible] me.

The [illegible] at [illegible] ten [illegible] Dyke [illegible] ters near [illegible]

BOY BADLY INJURED

Jaw Broken and Eye Kicked Out by a Colt He was Leading

George Marks the [illegible] year old son of William Marks who resides in Bloomster Hollow about six miles from here met with a serious and painful accident on Monday that will maim him for life.

The boy was leading a colt out to water and as the animal felt playful he gave him considerable halter rope. Suddenly the colt wheeled and kicked striking the boy on the left side of the face with a hoof with terrible force, and knocking him insensible.

The young fellow was picked up by his father and medical aid summoned. It was foundthat the child's left eye was literally kicked out and the left jaw broken besides having the left side of his face badly lacerated. George is improving as fast as possible at this writing.

For Sale

Horses, wagons carriages buggies harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

BACK TO CALIFORNIA

Olean Man and Coryville Woman Again Prove Truth of Old Adage that Love Will Find a Way."

In our issue of October 6, 1910, we ran an article entitled A Romantic Elopement Ended which went on to tell of an Olean married man with six children and a Coryville married woman with four children who became so infatuated with each other that [illegible] the [illegible] winter and the [illegible] this part [illegible] of [illegible] him more [illegible] California taking with them [illegible] of the woman's husband and the woman's four children [illegible] bond to stay [illegible] probably [illegible] to conquer.

According to a friend of The Miner [illegible] the facts [illegible] together wrong. The woman [illegible] four children did stay in [illegible] West but she evidently did [illegible] look for other hearts to conquer [illegible] washings to do. Out in that part of the country the doing of [illegible] washings is a lucrative occupation [illegible] from $ [illegible] to $ [illegible] each [illegible] In Olean [illegible] West [illegible] information [illegible] old adage of [illegible]

[illegible] finally [illegible] for the [illegible] California [illegible]

[illegible]

A PLEASING ATTRACTION

The Japanese Girl' by Home Talent Makes a Big Hit

[illegible]

[illegible] rendered. Thanks to [illegible] Mrs [illegible] Wells [illegible] What Shall I Do [illegible] Miss [illegible] Connolly [illegible] Song, Miss Wells [illegible] Lullaby [illegible] We are [illegible] Mrs [illegible] When I Was [illegible] Mrs Clark [illegible] Tip Toe [illegible] Hush [illegible] Chorus [illegible] Mrs Clark and chorus [illegible] Miss Hazel Green and [illegible] Mr Hall [illegible] ensemble.

During the [illegible] act several other [illegible] were given. Mr Walter [illegible] of Bradford appeared in this female [illegible] sonation act which was [illegible] clever and his gorgeous evening gown hid his identity from a greater portion of the and[illegible] Mrs. John Chapman John Voorhees and John Wisner rendered pleasing solos at this time.

Miss Wells sang unusually well on this occasion and she and the other directors deserve much credit for their work in drilling the company and putting on such an excellent performance in the short time they had.

WHY MEN DRINK

Have you filled the furnace yet? Well for goodness sake haven't I got enough to do without keeping track of a man's work?

Henry Smith why don't you come to bed? You know I just can't sleep a wink as long as that light is burning.

Hurry and get up the water pipe is busted and the kitchen floor is flooded.

No there's no eggs or meat to-night. If we go to ma's this summer we've just got to save on something and it might as well be the table.—Grave to Gay, Buffalo News.

AGOSTINO MARCI CAPTURED

Bradford Police Get Him Last Saturday—Held for Trial

Agostino Marci the Italian who shot and seriously wounded his rival Tony Pagnataro in Bradford a week ago last Sunday, was captured in a River street house in that city last Thursday night.

Word had been received at police headquarters that Marci was in hiding in one of the River street houses occupied by foreigners and Captain [illegible] and [illegible] other officers went out to make the capture. Three of the officers entered the house named while [illegible] others surrounded those under suspicion. After a diligent search he was found hiding in the garret. He made no resistance and acknowledged that he knew the revolver used [illegible]

M[illegible] was given a hearing before Alderman Elkins Saturday morning charged with [illegible] with intent [illegible] County Detective Jones had [illegible] the deposition of the wounded [illegible] and [illegible] witnesses were sworn. There was no evidence to how that the shooting was done [illegible] but the testimony did reveal the fact that there was a bad feeling between the two men for some [illegible] Tony Pagnataro.

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] sworn that the wounded man [illegible] danger [illegible] might [illegible] that would result fatally.

[illegible] Alderman Elkins [illegible] the amount of Marci's bail at $5000 and [illegible]

IKE SIMONS BURNED OUT

His Big Double Clothing Store Badly Damaged Sunday Night

The big double clothing store of Ike Simons [illegible] Main street Bradford was badly damaged by fire [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] from the explosion that was [illegible] caused [illegible] gas or other causes.

Mr. Simons [illegible] will continue in business as soon as his loss is adjusted by the insurance men and the building which belongs to Ro[illegible] and M[illegible] can be put in repair. The damage to the building is comparatively slight.

DUNBAR GERRITT NUPTIALS

Pretty Home Wedding Celebrated on Saturday Last

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr and Mrs George Gerritt Saturday February 2[illegible] 1911 at 1[illegible] o'clock when Delva their only daughter, was united in marriage to Mr. Frank Dunbar. Rev Father Dugan of St Elizabeth's Catholic church performing the ceremony. Miss Lena Young acted as bridesmaid and the groom was attended by Mr Frank Allen of Titusville Pa. The decorations were pink carnations and smilax. Immediately after the ceremony a delicious luncheon was served Misses Edna Specht and Carrie Natello assisting. The immediate relatives and only a few friends were in attendance. Mr and Mrs Dunbar left for a short wedding trip after which they will make their home in Smethport. The bride and groom are both very pleasing young people of this place and have a large circle of friends who will unite with The Miner in wishing them happiness and prosperity.

For Sale.

8 improved vacant lots at Crosby, Pa 2 show cases, 1 money drawer, paper rack and counter House and 3 acres of land situated between Crosby and Colegove, Pa., with other buildings

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR,
Feb 2 12t Portville, N. Y.

NEW BISHOP CONSECRATED LAST FRIDAY

Rev. Rogers Isreal, D. D, Episcopal Bishop of Erie Diocese

IMPOSING CEREMONY AT SCRANTON

Consecration Ceremony Took Place at St Luke's Church, Scranton, Friday Morning—Distinguished Churchmen From All Parts of East Were in Attendance and Aided at the Ceremony Bishop Israel Will Live in Erie

The following is gleaned from a much longer account in the Scranton Times.

Kneeling in the sanctuary of St Luke's Protestant Episcopal church on Wyoming avenue, between Spruce and Linden streets Rev Dr Roger Israel for eighteen years rector of the church was lifted to the high office of bishop of Erie. The services began at 10 45 o'clock and ended at 1 o'clock.

Six bishops other high churchmen and between eight and nine hundred others witnessed the consecration. More couldn't get in the church because its seating capacity was limited.

There was no attempt at decoration [illegible] for his [illegible] of magnificent [illegible] The [illegible] Gothic interior of the church was emphasized by a subdued light in the [illegible] of the church which was relieved by a golden glow through stained glass windows in the sanctuary as the sun's rays peeped through. Just as though it was timed there was [illegible] hours of sunshine through the dome of the sanctuary as the cru[illegible] after leading the procession reached the [illegible] of the auditorium.

Like a page from the [illegible] was the picture presented. There were [illegible] bearing high the [illegible] clad choir boys and men and [illegible] Wonderful music pealed forth from the great organ and [illegible] joyously. Deep solemnity characterized the consecration [illegible] the bishop elect. The latter [illegible]

[illegible]

Ministers [illegible]

[illegible] the Polish National Catholic Church of America [illegible] its relations with the Roman Catholic church several years ago. Bishop Hodur was conspicuous by his garb. Like the bishops of the Episcopal church he was preceded by a chaplain bearing the pastoral staff. The chaplain was Father Francis [illegible] It was the first time that the bishopric of Father Hodur was officially recognized [illegible] city by an official occasion outside of his own church. [illegible] Hodur had a seat of honor among the other priests in the sanctuary.

An offering was taken for the missions of the diocese of Erie just before the actual consecration took place.

The presiding bishop was Cortland Whitehead bishop of the Pittsburgh diocese. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of Bethlehem and Bishop Boyd Vincent of Southern Ohio, were co-consecrators. Bishop S. [illegible] Lloyd of New York was preacher, Bishop J H Darlington of Middletown Conn., and Bishop C T. Olmstead of Central New York diocese were presenting bishops.

When the moment for the beginning of the consecration services arrived every pew was filled. Extra seats had been provided in the front, rear and along the sides all of which were filled. Many stood and others unable to get in pressed against the various doorways catching a fleeting glimpse now and then of the scene within and beautiful strains of the great pipe organ played by the master hand of Professor J Willis Conant of Boston who until he left the city several years ago was for many years the organist at St Luke's and the close friend of Dr. Israel. It was for old friendship's sake that Prof Conant took part and never was his work better. J B Atwood, chorister, assisted in the musical feature of the services.

The procession formed in the parish

(Continued on Page 8.)

FORGED SOME CHECKS.

J. B Burger, Alias Jack Griffin, in the Toils at Smethport.

J B Burger alias Jack Griffin, is in the county jail at Smethport charged with forgery and there are a number of spurious checks in evidence throughout the county, said to be due largely to Burger's ability as a penman.

Burger's undoing came on Saturday morning when he called at the store at Ormsby conducted by Charles Parsons. He made a number of small purchases and then tendered Mrs Parsons who was officiating as clerk at the time a check for $22. The check was represented to be one made by Claude Hartzell the superintendent of the Newton Chemical company's plant. After deducting the amount of his purchase Burger was given the balance in cash.

A moment after the stranger left the store Mrs Parsons became suspicious of the transaction and called up Superintendent Hartzell by telephone. The superintendent informed Mrs Parsons that he did not know the man whose name she had mentioned and that the check was a forgery. When Burger left the store he started toward Newton. Superintendent Hartzell was quick to act and on horseback set out to find the forger. His quest was soon rewarded by a glimpse of Burger whereupon the [illegible] dashed into the woods. Hartzell followed and overtook him. The penman was taken to Ormsby where he was identified by Mrs Parsons as the fellow who had tendered the worthless check. Superintendent Hartzell at once started for Smethport with the prisoner whom he turned over to County Detective Jones. The detective was not long in discovering that the capture of Burger alias Griffin, was one of much importance as a number of his bad checks had been negotiated. The forger pleaded guilty and went to jail in default of $ [illegible] bail.

To the county detective Burger acknowledged that he had forged the check that caused him trouble at Ormsby. The county detective has also learned that Burger was [illegible] employed [illegible] Wilson livery stable [illegible] his name was Jack Griffin. [illegible] went to the Weaver hotel [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] A short time ago [illegible] third ward and purchased [illegible] amount of the transaction being [illegible] two [illegible] He tendered a check for $1[illegible] purporting to be by E. B. [illegible] the local hardware merchant to Charles Holtz who was in charge and received the balance in cash. On another occasion Griffin presented a worthless check for $1[illegible] at the Oil City [illegible] exchange.

County Detective Jones states that the prisoner is about 2[illegible] years of age although he says that he is but 17 years old. He claims that both his parents are dead and that he has no home. He originally came from Bolivar N. Y. to Bradford [illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENT

The following program will be given during the session of the Keating Township Teachers at Ormsby:

Singing by Institute

Recitation selected, Eva Eberis

The Techniques of Writing, Prof McDonald of Bradford Business college

Solo Curly Head, Ivan Hinds

Disciplining Country Schools Prof [illegible]bridge

Solo, You can't Guess What he Wrote on My Slate by Louise Blakeslee,

Fifth Grade Language Miss Boylston

Vocal solo Miss Bodine

Language Development in Primary Grades by Miss Cotton.

How to Study, Mr Van Dusen

Address Prof Bayle

Primary Numbers,' Miss Fay

Numbers by Ormsby School

Address Prof Berkenstock

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call and see

Oct.6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

CRIMINAL COURT IN SESSION.

Convened Monday Afternoon—Small Court—Eldred Bank Cases Again Continued.

The February term of criminal court convened on Monday at 2 o'clock, Hon Joseph W. Bouton presiding. The preliminary matters were disposed of and George Lauer of Port Allegany was made foreman of the grand jury.

The jury immediately commenced its deliberations and the following bills have been returned:

Commonwealth vs John Brophy, assault and battery a true bill.

Commonwealth vs John Hines, statutory burglary, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs Clarence Sutherland fornication a true bill.

Commonwealth vs Henry Moss, larceny not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs A R Cohn, receiving stolen goods and from minors, two true bills.

Commonwealth vs Alfred Forrest for selling liquor to minor true bill.

Commonwealth vs William Forster, larceny from person true bill.

Commonwealth vs Arthur Huntoon, assault and battery a true bill.

A true bill has been returned against H F Stiffer on the charge of embezzlement.

Not a true bill was returned in the case brought against [illegible] Landrigan.

Agostino Marci, who shot a rival lover at Bradford recently has been indicted on the charge of felonious assault with intent to kill.

Two true bills charging larceny were returned against Edward Benson.

[illegible] of the Commonwealth vs [illegible] Frank White [illegible] East Bradford [illegible] guilty [illegible] costs and have his license revoked.

[illegible] Henry [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] allowed to go on probation and suspended sentence. [illegible] Cohen (not Cohn) who was charged with receiving the stolen goods [illegible] Cohen was [illegible] sentence [illegible]

The [illegible]

Arthur H[illegible] assault and battery [illegible]

The business of the court is nearing completion. All the [illegible] jurors except those on duty have been dismissed. The grand jury has [illegible] its consideration of [illegible] is investigating [illegible] in matters of public improvement the construction of bridges etc.

DEATH OF THOMAS WHITE

Former Smethport Resident Dies at Cherryville, Kansas

Thomas White died at his home in Cherryville Kansas on Thursday, Feb 16, 1911 aged 45 years. The cause of his death was pneumonia.

The deceased was a son of the late W W White of this place and he spent his early life here where he had many friends. About 25 years ago he went West for his health and has resided there until the time of his death.

He is survived by a wife and two children who will deeply mourn his death. He was a nephew of Byron Badger of this place.

Wanted

About April first, a good house in Smethport either furnished or unfurnished, with all improvements, for a year or more. Please state price and location. Apply at the office of "McKean County Miner." Feb,16-4t

A Bird of Bagdad

Strange Adventure of a Modern Haroun-al-Raschid

By O. HENRY

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Without doubt much of the spirit and genius of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid descended to the Margrave August Michael von Paulsen Quigg.

Quigg's restaurant is in Fourth avenue—that street that the city seems to have forgotten in its growth. Fourth avenue—born and bred in the Bowery—staggers northward full of good resolutions.

Where it crosses Fourteenth street it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theaters. It may yet become a fit mate for its highborn sister boulevard to the west or its roaring polyglot broad waisted cousin to the east. It passes Union square, and here the hoofs of the dray horses seem to thunder in unison recalling the tread of marching hosts—hooray! And next, poor Fourth avenue—the street glides into a medley of solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to antiques.

What street could live inclosed by these mortuary relics and trod by these spectral citizens in whose sunken hearts [illegible] one good whoop or tra la la remained?

Not Fourth avenue, not after the tinsel but enlivening glories of the Little Rialto—not after the echoing drumbeats of Union square. There need be no tears, ladies and gentlemen. 'Tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth and is never seen again.

Near the sad scene of the thoroughfare's dissolution stood the modest restaurant of Quigg. It stands there yet if you care to view its crumbling red brick front, its show window heaped with crimson tomatoes, layer cakes, pies, canned asparagus.

Quigg's title came through his mother. One of her ancestors was a margravine of Saxony. His father was a Tammany brave. On account of the dilution of his heredity he found that he could neither be a reigning potentate nor get a job in the city hall. So he opened a restaurant. He was a man full of thought and reading. The business gave him a living, though he gave it little attention. One side of his house bequeathed to him a poetic and romantic name. The other gave him the fierce spirit that made him seek [illegible] By day he was Quigg, [illegible] the [illegible] By night he was the mar[grave] [illegible] the [illegible] Bohemia [illegible] the city in search of the [illegible] pi[illegible]

On [illegible] at [illegible] which [illegible] the restaurant cl[osed] [illegible] his quest [illegible]

"PLEASE [illegible] IT IS ABOUT NINE WORDS."

the [illegible] and the artis[tic] [illegible] his [illegible] most [illegible] west [illegible] half [illegible] ten [illegible] which he never stirr[ed] [illegible] the [illegible] for [illegible] on [illegible] peculiar [illegible] relats [illegible]

Of rich [illegible] Margrave Quigg's [illegible] his heart. It may be forgiven him if he had fell short of the measure of Haroun al Raschid's.

Continuing his progress in search of romance or distress that he might relieve, Quigg became aware of a strange hurrying crowd that whooped and fought and eddied at a corner of Broadway and the crosstown street that he was traversing. Hurrying to the spot, he beheld a young man of amazingly neat appearance and preoccupied demeanor engaged in the pastime of casting silver money from his pockets to the middle of the street. With each motion of the generous one's hand the crowd huddled upon the falling largess with yells of joy. Traffic was suspended. A policeman in the center of the mob stooped often to the ground as he urged the blockaders to move on.

The margrave saw at a glance that here was food for his hunger after knowledge concerning abnormal workings of the human heart. He made his way swiftly to the young man's side and took his arm. "Come with me at once," he said in the low but commanding voice that his waiters had learned to fear.

"Pinched," remarked the young man, looking up at him with expressionless eyes—"pinched by a painless dentist. Take me away and give me gas. Some lay eggs and some lay none. When is a hen?"

Still deeply seized by some inward grief but tractable, he allowed Quigg to lead him away and down the street to a little park.

There, seated on a bench, he upon whom a corner of the great caliph's mantle has descended spake with kindness and discretion, seeking to know what evil had come upon the other, disturbing his soul and driving him to such ill considered and ruinous waste of his substance and stores.

"I was doing the Monte Cristo act as adapted by Pompton, N. J., wasn't I?" asked the young man.

"You were throwing small coins into the street for the people to scramble after," said the margrave.

"That's it. You buy all the beer you can hold, and then you throw chicken feed to— Oh, curse that word chicken, and hens, feathers, roosters, eggs and everything connected with it!"

"Young sir," said the margrave kindly, but with dignity, "though I do not ask your confidence I invite it. I know the world and I know humanity. Man is my study, though I do not eye him as the scientist eyes a beetle or as the philanthropist gazes at the objects of his bounty—through a veil of theory and ignorance. It is my pleasure and distraction to interest myself in the peculiar and complicated misfortunes that life in a great city visits upon my fellow men. You may be familiar with the history of that glorious and immortal ruler, the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, whose wise and beneficent excursions among his people in the city of Bagdad secured him the privilege of relieving so much of their distress. In my humble way I walk in his footsteps. I seek for romance and adventure in city streets, not in ruined castles or in crumbling palaces. To me the greatest marvels of magic are those that take place in men's hearts when acted upon by the furious and diverse forces of a crowded population. In your strange behavior this evening I fancy a story lurks. I read in you a[illegible] something deeper than the wanton wastefulness of a spendthrift. I observe in your countenance the certain traces of consuming grief or despair. I repeat—I invite your confidence. I am not without some power to alleviate and advise. Will you not trust me?"

"Gee, how you talk!" exclaimed the young man, a gleam of admiration supplanting for a moment the dull sadness of his eyes. "You've got the Astor library [illegible] a synopsis of the coming [illegible] that old Turk you spoke of. I read 'The Arabian Nights' when I was a kid. He was a kind of Bill Devery and Charlie Schwab [illegible] you might have [illegible] dish rags and [illegible] up coon giant [illegible] without ever touching [illegible] My case won't yield to that kind of treatment."

"If I could hear your story," said the margrave with his lofty, serious[ness].

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MAN AND THE HARNESSMAKER'S RIDDLE

"It can be told in about nine words," said the young man with a deep sigh, "but I don't think you can help me any. [illegible] guess in [illegible] the [illegible] for you on [illegible]

"I work in Hildebrant's saddle and harness shop down in Grand street. I've worked there five years. I get $18 a week. That's enough [illegible] ain't it? Well, I'm not going to get married. Old Hildebrant is one of these funny Dutchmen—you know the kind—always getting off bum jokes. He's got about a million riddles and things that he fixed from Rogers brothers' great [illegible] Bill Wat[son] [illegible] to [illegible] and Bill [illegible] the times day after [illegible] Why do we do it? Well, jobs [illegible] to be picked off every An[illegible] I say. And [illegible]

"Why? [illegible] daughter [illegible] to the shop every day. About [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] the Rhine [illegible] into the [illegible] the [illegible] of that.

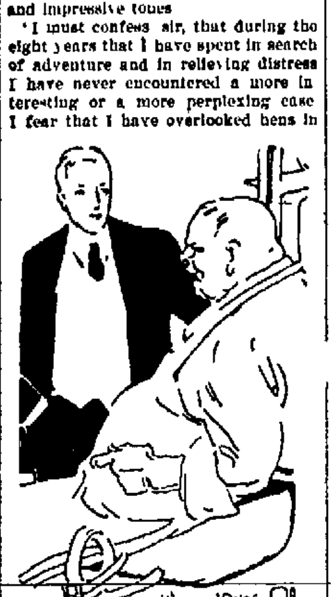
"Me [illegible] or Bill Watson [illegible] Ain't [illegible] about her? [illegible] of the Great Marion [illegible] with [illegible] That was on [illegible] I was spiflicated [illegible] and I wot not of what I would [illegible]

"How? Why, old Hildebrant says to me and Bill this afternoon, 'Boys, one riddle have I for you, [illegible] A young man who cannot riddles answer, he is not so good for business for my family to provide—is not that—[illegible]' And he hands us a riddle—a conundrum, some calls it—and he chuckles [illegible] and gives both of us till tomorrow morning to work out the answer to it. And he says whichever of us guesses the repartee end of it goes to his house Wednesday night to his daughter's birthday party. And it means Laura for whichever of us goes, for she's naturally aching for a husband, and it's either me or Bill Watson, for old Hildebrant likes us both and wants her to marry somebody that'll carry on the business after he's stitched his last pair of traces.

"The riddle? Why, it was this: 'What kind of a hen lays the longest?' Think of that! What kind of a hen lays the longest? Ain't it like a Dutchman to risk a man's happiness on a fool proposition like that? Now, what's the use? What I don't know about hens would fill several incubators. You say you're giving imitations of the old Arab guy that gave away libraries in Bagdad. Well, now, can you whistle up a fairy that'll solve this hen query or not?"

When the young man ceased the margrave arose and paced to and fro by the park bench for several minutes. Finally he sat again and said in grave and impressive tones:

"I must confess, sir, that during the eight years that I have spent in search of adventure and in relieving distress I have never encountered a more interesting or a more perplexing case. I fear that I have overlooked hens in



"GOOT! DOT IS RIGHT!"

my researches and observations. As to their habits, their times and manner of laying, their many varieties and crossbreedings, their span of life, their"—

"Oh, don't make an Ibsen drama of it!" interrupted the young man flippantly. "Riddles—especially old Hildebrant's riddles—don't have to be worked out seriously. They are light themes such as Sim Ford and Harry Thurston Peck like to handle. But somehow I can't strike just the answer. Bill Watson may and he may not. Tomorrow will tell. Well, your majesty, I'm glad anyhow that you butted in and whiled the time away. I guess Mr. Al Raschid himself would have backed back if one of his constituents had conducted him up against this riddle. I'll say good night. Peace to yours and what you may call its of Allah."

The margrave, with a gloomy air, held out his hand.

"I cannot express my regret," he said [illegible] "Never before have I found myself [illegible] me [illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible] the [illegible] Plym[illegible] that."

"[illegible]" said the young man. "[illegible] one [illegible] anything funny in [illegible] fens of John D. [illegible] Well [illegible] your ills."

[illegible] the margrave began to fumble in his pockets. He drew forth a card and handed it to the young man.

"Do me the favor to accept this anyhow," he said. "The time may come when it might be of use to you."

"Thanks," said the young man, pocketing it carelessly. "My name is Simmons."

* * * * * * * *

Shame to him who would hint that the reader's interest shall [illegible] pursue the Margrave August Michael von Paulsen Quigg. I am indeed astray if my hand fail in keeping the way where my percursor's heart would follow. Then let us on the morrow peep quickly in at the door of Hildebrant, harnessmaker.

Hildebrant's 200 pounds reposed on a bench, silver buckling a raw leather martingale.

Bill Watson came in first.

"Vell," said Hildebrant, shaking all over with the vile conceit of the joke maker, "haf you guessed him? Vat kind of a hen lays der longest?"

"Er—why, I think so," said Bill, rubbing a servile chin. "I think so, Mr. Hildebrant—the one that lives the longest—is that right?"

"Nein!" said Hildebrant, shaking his head violently. "You haf not guessed der answer."

Bill passed on and donned a bed-tick apron and bachelorhood.

In came the young man of the Arabian Nights—tense, pale, melancholy, hopeless.

"Vell," said Hildebrant, "haf you guessed him? Vat kind of a hen lays der longest?"

Simmons regarded him with dull savagery in his eye. Should he curse this mountain of pernicious humor—curse him and die? Why should— But there was Laura.

Dogged, speechless, he thrust his hands into his coat pockets and stood. His hand encountered the strange touch of the margrave's card. He drew it out and looked at it as men about to be hanged look at a crawling fly. There was written on it in Quigg's bold, round hand, "Good for one roast chicken to bearer."

Simmons looked up with a flashing eye.

"A dead one!" said he.

"Goot!" roared Hildebrant, rocking the table with giant glee. "Dot is right! You come at mine house at 8 o'clock to der party."

Their Bungalow.

"See anything of Jim Pliffers while you was up to the city?" asks the village grocer.

"Yep. Run acrost him on the street one mornin'," answers the worthy butcher who has just returned to the little town.

"Understand Jim's livin' pretty well up there."

"I dunno. Ast him where he was livin', an' he said him an' his family was settled in a bunghole in the country."—Judge.

He and She

Man designs an aeroplane,
Digs away with might and main,
Working out a clever scheme
That will crystallize his dream.
Racks his brain o'er guy and gear,
Gets the thing so it will steer,
Then upon a happy day
In he steps and soars away.

Woman sees the aeroplane,
Gets to work with might and main,
Buys a lot of flimsy things—
Ribbons, laces, silk that clings—
Cuts 'em, sews 'em, pats 'em flat,
Builds an aviation hat,
Then upon a happy day
Puts it on and struts away.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Explanation

Mrs Dorkins—John, in your sleep last night you muttered something about "coppering the ace." What does that mean?

Mr Dorkins—That's a chemical term, Maria. To copper is to electroplate, an ace, metaphorically speaking, is an atom. "Coppering an ace" means electroplating an atom.—Chicago Tribune.

Courtesy

A man may be extremely bad,
A pirate and a skin,
But that's like is just his fad.
You mustn't rub it in.

Though fraud and treason both combine
To make his record sable,
No decent person will decline
To sit with him at table.

Reproof or rude lemeuror would
But add to his distress.
A friendly smile will make him good.
Toujours la politesse.
—Puck.

A Great Help

Chicago Slim—Do youse think dat a college eddication helps a man any, Bill?

Boston Bill—Sure it do. Just think uv de smooth line o' talk a college man kin hand out when he's hittin' de line fer handouts!—Sunday Illustrated Magazine.

Vehicles For Rhymes

Some wo[illegible] bodies
And oth[illegible]
Quite often they [illegible] by their carts.
Again they are [illegible] wheels.
Sometimes we can [illegible] man
But often words [illegible] stems.
We judge her too [illegible]
When really the [illegible] tongue.
—Yonkers Statesman.

His New Job

A San Francisco conductor who recently embraced religion was called upon to take up the Sunday morning offering. He did very well until he came to [illegible] he said sternly, "You will have to pay half fare."—Success Magazine.

Mexican Chicle

The gum of the Mexican chicle tree is valuable as the basis for most chewing gum [illegible] is absolutely tasteless and therefore does not affect the flavor of other ingredients mixed with it.

Blank Books

Playing cards, score cards and place cards.

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Work Finished on Third Day

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McCall's Magazine will [illegible] keep [illegible] latest fashions in clothes [illegible] New fashions [illegible] Also valuable information on all home and [illegible] matters. Only [illegible] a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home with your own hands clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free [illegible]

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You'll find it at your dealer's in original barrels direct from our refineries. Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oils—gives more light, more service—saves work and saves eyesight.

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated, its rooms are light and airy, its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every part. Prices reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T H PURPLE Prop
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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty-five and thirty payment life policies.
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The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 31 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Only Keeley Institute in Western Penna 4246 Fifth Ave, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

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Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on ur new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

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and
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will accept your registered letters containing money or checks, and give you the receipt of the Government for the same, thus insuring safe delivery. Mail your deposits to this strong and popular bank, which will forward bank book recording the entries by return mail, and pay you FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM on your money. Officers of this bank are among the most successful, conscientious and experienced bankers in the United States, and your money is absolutely safe in their hands. Write for booklet.

Pittsburgh Bank for Savings
Smithfield Street and Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $1,000 000 00.

McKean County Miner

Smethport Thursday, March 2, 1911

Local and General

—March

—Have you sworn off during Lent?

—Yesterday was Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent

—Victoria waists are advertised by Fry & Comes in this issue

Albert [illegible] Hackett advertises a farm to let and horses for sale in our advertising columns this week

—Lent begins next Monday in Mt Jewett according to the News—five days later than in other places

The national convention of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held at [illegible] N Y from April 21 to [illegible]

An exceptional opportunity to [illegible] is offered by Mon[illegible] in his advertisement in to day's [illegible]

—The Bradford councils are considering the proposition of municipal ownership of telephones This sounds like a good move

—The Epworth League of the M E church held a [illegible] social in the chapel last Friday evening A very pleasant evening was spent by all who attended

—If a new bill passes the Nevada legislature murderers in that state will be given the privilege of choosing their own deaths Most of them will probably select old age

—The Thissen Silk Manufacturing Company has located in Kane This company weaves the cloth and makes silk gloves At the present time about 60 people are employed in the plant

Alton A Hover wife murderer was hanged in the Erie county jail last Thursday The trap fell at 10 23 and ten minutes later he was pronounced dead The execution was witnessed by Dr W A Ostrander and L K Hogarth of this place and C S King of Port Allegany

—The county commissioners went to North Warren last Friday and took three insane Italians, who are not citizens of the United States, to New York where they were deported to their native homes The expense of transporting them is borne by the county

—Lacking but eleven days of being 17 years old when elected master of Bennett's Branch grange of Weedville Elk county Ernest Ovell is probably the youngest presiding officer of an organized branch of the Patrons of Husbandry in the United States He is a bright, progressive, typical American farmer's boy

—J A Ulf, a prominent business man of Kane, died suddenly on Sunday at his home in that place, the cause of his death being uraemia He was 75 years of age and had been a resident of Kane for upwards of 20 years He is survived by one brother and two sons, Charles A of Tidioute and Franklin [illegible] of Kane

According to the [illegible] the P R R company is [illegible] water [illegible] The present plans call for [illegible] to be drilled near the [illegible] depot The company is at present paying [illegible] from $800 to $1[illegible] per month for water

Cincinnati newspaper man saved the life of an aged woman by carrying her from a burning building yesterday morning [illegible]

John [illegible] years whose [illegible] Bradford Tent No 4 K O T M of the Bradford lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose and of the Keystone Guard [illegible] He is survived by his parents Mr and Mrs John Platko of Newton [illegible] sisters Anna Mary Su[illegible] and [illegible] Platko and four brothers Andrew George Michael and Paul Platko

—State Commissioner of Fisheries Meehan has announced a number of proposed changes in the 1909 fish code which will be presented to the legislature The minimum size of black bass is to be increased from 8 to 10 inches and hooks used in fishing for trout with bait must be seven sixteenths of an inch from shank to point of barb —Sunfish and river chub are to be made game fish and a license of $10 per capita per annum is to be imposed on all unnaturalized foreigners before they can fish legally

—Probably the most unusual thing ever known in Allegany county in a financial way was a discovery made by the executors of the estate of the late William F Jones of Wellsville the other day After the schedule of the estate was made up and it was felt that everything had been listed it was discovered through the finding of an envelope with a pass book in it that Mr Jones had $57 000 on deposit in the Manufacturers & Traders bank of Buffalo This means that the total of his estate will be increased from $350,000 to over $400 000

—Glenn H Curtiss, the daring American aviator, has demonstrated a motor craft that will make fast time on land, in the water or in the air The marvelous machine in which he thus accomplished the safe navigation of three elements land, water and air is a standard biplane equipped with a pontoon about three feet wide by 12 feet in length placed immediately beneath the aviator and engine with its long axis at right angles to the planes At the extremities of the lower plane are two small triangular copper tanks whose function is to prevent the planes from cutting too deeply in the water. These complete the water factor.

—Judging from an advertisement now running in the Ridgway Daily Record at least one firm in that city finds it rather slow making collections They announce that unless their debtors call and make settlement within a certain length of time they will publish their names in the local paper as deadbeats. The system will probably meet with success, as delinquents do not relish notoriety of the nature mentioned

—The mystery surrounding the disappearance of P J Laughlin of Randolph, N Y who has been missing since the night of January 21, was closed up on Sunday when his dead body was found by Sam Olson and Winfred Simmons, two boys who were walking along the outlet of Chautauqua Lake at Jamestown, near where it was suspected that he fell into the water The dead man's watch and about $18 in cash together with some papers were found in the pockets of his clothing The condition of the body indicated accidental drowning The boys will receive $100 reward offered for the recovery of the body Mrs Laughlin at her home in Randolph gave birth to a child Friday and much sympathy is felt for the lady in her bereavement

The only men of worth to a town or community are those who forget their own selfish ends long enough and are liberal enough in their ideas to encourage every public and private enterprise who are ready with brain and purse to push every project calculated to build up the town and enhance its importance The enterprise and push of a town or a community is the foundation of its permanent success A town may as well be prepared for its funeral as to become indifferent to the enterprise in its midst Men who come to a town to make it their future home who cannot see far enough before them to see that money placed judiciously in a public enterprise of their own town will be a hundred fold in the appreciation of their property are to be pitied [illegible]

Earthquakes Bar Progress

Japan has a great number of waterfalls which would be of material value in the development of the country but the reason these valuable sources of power are not being developed is because of the danger of earthquakes which is constantly confronting the people More than once within recent years have steps been taken with the view of constructing dams in order that these falls might be utilized when some demonstration of the earth has given warning of the danger of such a step and the promoters have been forced to abandon or greatly modify the proposed improvement —New York Press

His One Regret

"There's [illegible] of [illegible] Mrs [illegible] this is the worst [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

Testing Eggs

Uncle Sam's way [illegible] is to drop them in [illegible] solution The stale [illegible] fresh [illegible] medium [illegible] the [illegible] that are stale [illegible] the surface

Starch

In 1583 Philip Stubbes inveighed with great energy against the use of starch which he called the devil's liquor"

Welcome 1911

Come on Mister New Year
An' let yer [illegible]
Bound [illegible]
If there's any [illegible]
—Atlanta Constitution

Proof.

"Have you forgotten that $5 you owe me?"

"Not at all Didn't you see me try to dodge into that doorway —Kansas City Journal,

I Wonder

I wonder if baby ever thinks
And what she thinks about
Why does she [illegible] so awful sweet?
And why does she sometimes pout?
—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Drawback.

"Why is it that pretty Miss Mabel has no beaus?"

"Because it is generally understood that her father is a kicker" Boston Herald

So It Seems

These suffragettes are quite a bore.
They'd make us all believe
That Adam wasn't any more
Than merely Mr Eve
—Catholic Standard and Times

A Moderate Demand

He—Dearest I would do a lot of deeds to win you

She—Darling one deed to a lot would suffice—New York Journal

"Garden of Verse."

Each potato has its eyes
The corn has its ears
The onion has no nose at all
But it smells a lot my dears
—Sunday Illustrated Magazine

What He Heard.

John is his name, and he lives in Newburg Further personal details are not necessary Now, John has a wife who is not as charitable as she might be and she has a woman friend who has domestic troubles of her own and therefore can and does sympathize with John's wife Just what time it was when John came in the other morning deponent knoweth not, but certainly it was no sort of time for a married man to be getting home, and his wife told him so though he knew it perfectly well without being told.

Next morning after John had gone to his office his wife called up the other woman on the telephone and told about John The other woman was all sympathy, and what the two had to say about the kind of husband John was was more than plenty In the thick of it a friend of John's got on the wire—not intentionally, of course, for he thought John was a model but he got there, and it sounded good enough to him to stay and listen But not for long Presently he coughed, and there was a sudden silence

"Who's that? inquired John's wife

"It's John" responded the friend and hung up the receiver —New York Press

The Waste of the Wind

Every one who wears a cl[illegible] up [illegible] the [illegible] to harness the wind Every child has made a paper propeller or a windmill But can it be said that the possible uses of the wind have been as assiduously investigated as such recently discovered forces as steam and electricity and gases Is it not conceivable that the practical uses of the wind are undeveloped just because they are so familiar

We cannot help thinking that the wind will be more vastly employed some day in the same way that probably the problem of [illegible] under control [illegible] of the tides will be solved One would think that the wind could be used for electric lighting [illegible] is no practical apparatus for the purpose True the wind is variable and occasionally absent but as electricity can be stored one might suppose that this was the very case in which a [illegible] had not particularly [illegible] —London Spectator

The Clever Shoe Clerk

At the cost of considerable time and labor one high grade shoe house is bound to please its [illegible] On a rainy day a woman wearing wet shoes went in to buy rubbers The clerk measured the width and length of her shoes removed them and brought a new pair of the same size to try on Visions of [illegible] dep[illegible] [illegible] ed her to exclaim "But I do not want new shoes [illegible]

"I understand" said the clerk "I am only slipping these shoes on to fit the rubbers over It spoils the inside of a rubber to slip it on over a wet shoe Then if it does not fit and the customer does not take it it is spoiled for the next customer

"And the outcome of that experience was" said the woman "that I bought the shoes as well as the rubbers and had them sent home C O D Maybe that was what he was working for all the time"—New York Sun

Oddest of Queer Fishes.

A queer fish [illegible] is the [illegible] It lives in that [illegible] called the Sargasso Sea in mid Atlantic

Its [illegible] adapted and developed [illegible] and it uses them for clinging to the weed Very [illegible] colored It changes its hues to match the [illegible] by which it is surrounded and when the latter decays and turns [illegible] it assumes a corresponding [illegible]

The fish lays its eggs in [illegible] jelly like mass which absorbs [illegible] quantity of water becomes three times as big as the mother fish [illegible] assuming the form of a [illegible] three or four feet long and two to four inches wide —New York World

Parnell

I never saw a [illegible] than Parnell The story of his downfall is one of the most pathetic in history There is a [illegible] Whatever we [illegible] to do with [illegible] And [illegible] a woman of his [illegible] And the woman instead of [illegible] fell in love with the patriot and that was his undoing —"Recollections of Mrs T P O'Connor.

To Discourage Him.

[illegible] said her husband's wife "I don't believe you have smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday"

"That's right my dear" replied his wife's husband "I'm saving to keep them until our Willie wants to learn to smoke"—Chicago News

Confused

"She hasn't any confidence in her husband has she?

"No She caught him telling the truth the other day and now she can't dope him out at all"—Toledo Blade

All Right, Perhaps

Patient Father—Dearie baby's eating my glove now Is it all right" Dearie (from above)—Oh quite all right—(pause)—you're sure it's yours? —Punch

Got It Right.

New Reporter The auto turned terrapin and— City Editor—You mean turned turtle New Reporter—Well, it was a high priced machine —Judge

The superior man has neither anxiety nor fear —Confucius

A Modern Shipwreck.

In an account of the wreck of the sailing ship Carnarvon Bay on King Island, Australia, it is related that when the vessel struck the captain calmly took a cigar from his pocket bit the end off and lit it before ordering the boats to be launched Even this display of lack of fear did not entirely prevent some degree of panic among the men, however, and seven men pushed off in the port lifeboat leaving twenty two to scramble into the starboard boat In spite of the captain's orders the men in the port boat refused to come alongside, and those in the starboard boat shouted that if they did not put off the masts would fall on them Instead of hurrying to the boat the captain strolled to his cabin and collected his papers After he had entered the boat he transferred five men to the port boat and made for Tasmania, 100 miles away He and the mates steered in turn, while the men bailed with empty biscuit tins, and forty eight hours later both boats reached land —Chicago News

Oddities of Cecil Rhodes.

He possessed few intimate friends and not even to all of them did he disclose his hand More acquaintances disliked his moody silences varied with fits of rather boisterous fun They considered him exclusive, morose rough and overbearing And it must be admitted that he was a good hater violent when thwarted and at times blunt to the point of rudeness It is difficult to be sufficiently unconventional to shock a mining camp, but he shocked it In dress he was almost disreputable He seldom took pains to ingratiate himself with any one and a man who too openly scorns his fellows must expect to suffer social ostracism and to have his character traduced It would be idle to deny that for a time there were unfavorable rumors in circulation regarding him or that he was in many circles unpopular But like Gallio, he cared for none of those things"—Sir Lewis Michell.

An Eccentric Bishop

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta had as hostess a venerable lady who remembered the duel between Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings on Aug 17 1780 On entering the cathedral on a Sunday morning fully robed lawn sleeves and all and passing the pew where the old lady sat he would pause and give her the [illegible] before all the [illegible] and this although he had met her at breakfast

His [illegible] Preaching against [illegible] especially in [illegible] falling [illegible] to the occupant of the [illegible] low him [illegible] there [illegible] once sold me a horse It was unsound I was a stranger and he took me in"

Scientist Who Couldn't Light a Fire

Lord Kelvin [illegible] mus[illegible] Scottish [illegible] display of ignorance At [illegible] time in Edinburgh [illegible] Kelvin [illegible] [illegible] But instead of [illegible] the grate [illegible] orthodox [illegible] [illegible] Ordinary [illegible] that [illegible] Lord Kelvin did not know how to light a fire

Rocky Road to a Title

"Does Miss [illegible] expect to marry the count

"Not immediately There are three questions to be settled first

"What are they

"He must prove that he is a count"

"Well that would settle it wouldn't it.

"No He must also prove that he isn't married"

"Well

"Then he must prove that he wants to marry Miss [illegible] —Cleveland Plain Dealer

Had an Attachment

Agent—Madam have you a piano? Housewife—Yes Agent—I am selling an attachment which I am sure— Housewife We have one Agent—What make is it Housewife—Sheriff's—Cleveland Leader

The Secret of Health

A physician informs us that the best cure for sickness is to keep well Some way or other this had long been suspected, and it is a joy to have it confirmed by expert authority —Philadelphia Inquirer

Not Needed Below.

"This is a funny ship"

"How so?"

"They have no clock in the cabin"

"Oh no! But they always keep a watch on the deck"—Stray Stories

Statesmanship

"What is the most valuable knowledge that a statesman can acquire?"

"The knowledge," replied Senator Sorghum, "of when to change his mind"—Washington Star

He that is ungrateful has no fault but one All other crimes may pass for virtues in him —Young

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

STAND LIGHTS

A dozen different designs to choose from.

I have just received a fine line of them for the Christmas trade.

A NICE PRESENT

Come in and look them over.

E. W. STRONG

Good Groceries

We hold our customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money

Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

Loyalty and Friendship

Never permit yourself to comment unfavorably upon a friend If you have a complaint carry it in person to the individual concerned Loyalty is the life breath of real friendship, and if there were more loyalty there would be fewer broken friendships—Home Chat.

There's a Reason

Aunt Anna asked her little nephew what he would like to give his cousin for his birthday "I know," he answered, "but I ain't big enough."—The Delineator

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 2, 1911.

Senator Lorimer, who has been accused of gaining his election by bribery, was seated by a narrow margin yesterday, but he was not vindicated.

That was rather a disgraceful row in Congress last Thursday when Representative Mondell of Wyoming and Delegate Wickersham of Alaska clashed over the former's bill for leasing coal land in Alaska. The lie was passed which was followed by blows and things were quite lively for a few minutes.

A bill has been introduced in the legislature requiring that all pumpers engaged in the oil fields of Pennsylvania be required to undergo examination as scientific engineers. The bill also provides, it is announced, that licensed boiler ~~inspectors hold~~ special investigations as to the condition of boilers used on oil wells. This bill ought to be shelved and kept there.

The shippers won a sweeping victory in the western and eastern railway rate case in decisions handed down last Thursday by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The roads are prohibited from advancing first class rates and they are ordered to reduce second class rates. The commission shows that at the moment when the railroads were arguing their justification for a raise they were eminently prosperous. The decisions were by unanimous vote of the commission.

The new Japanese treaty which was ratified by the Senate last Friday night is said to be very pleasing to Japan. Among other things it gives citizens of both countries the right to travel through, reside in and embark in business in these countries and gives more protection to them in many ways, than has been accorded in the past. This treaty will undoubtedly dispell the war cloud that has been continually coming before the eyes of certain military men of this country for several years past.

One hundred and eighteen members of a wedding party of 120, including the bride and bridegroom, were devoured by packs of hundreds of famished wolves while traveling in sledges from Oostipoff to Tassikend in Asiatic [illegible] a distance of twenty miles. Two survivors reached Tassikend, who admitted they threw the bride and her husband out to the wolves as a last resort. The women and children were the first to be thrown to the hungry wolves. Then the men were [illegible] until the party was [illegible]. The party started in thirty [illegible]. Many wolves were shot and horses devoured.

Canadian reciprocity for this session of Congress has been relegated to the legislative ash heap. There was practical [illegible] at last night [illegible] of the Senate leaders [illegible] that the agreement cannot be [illegible] of the present session and the extra session [illegible] is inevitable. [illegible] of Maine whose state has [illegible] him, [illegible] of his purpose to keep [illegible] foreign [illegible] have been [illegible] to defeat reciprocity. [illegible]

The proposed new State road [illegible] which will [illegible] of improved roads throughout the length and breadth of this Commonwealth meets with the approval of a vast majority of the voters of this county and we have every reason to believe that it will meet with the same favor throughout the State. Of course it is natural that it will meet with some opposition in sections where the road does not touch [illegible] the proposed law is carefully considered and understood such opposition will naturally decrease. The people who do not live right on the line of the proposed State highway will reap much benefit from it, because at most it will only be a short distance to this highway which leads to the principal towns in the community and this highway does not stop the possibility of continuing "State aid" roads leading to these State highways. Eldred is the only borough in this county that will not be reached in this county and we hope that an addition may be made which will include a line through that place and on to the New York State line at Bullis Mills, which would practically connect with the New York State highway. After reading the bill carefully we are convinced that it is just as honest and fair as a bill could be made and no one should object to it simply because it does not pass his home or place of business.

TO ABROGATE THE TREATY OF 1832.

In voting unanimously to report with a favorable recommendation the joint resolution lately introduced by Representative Parsons of New York, to abrogate the treaty of 1832 between this country and Russia, the House Committee on Foreign Affairs has shown a proper sense of national self-respect.

Russia has for years systematically violated the provisions of that agreement and has refused to extend to American citizens in Russia the advantages and benefits which by its terms Russian nationals traveling or residing in the United States enjoy. By the terms and purpose of the treaty the enjoyment of those benefits and advantages was to be reciprocal. American citizens were to be as free to visit Russia as Russian subjects are free to come here, nor was there any discrimination as to the kind or class or variety of citizens who were to profit by this privilege.

No suggestion of such a discrimination could have been made, or if made, would have for a moment have entertained. All American citizens occupy the same legal status, and all are entitled to the same protection and consideration. That is elementary and indisputable. Yet the Russian Government has taken upon itself to practice this morally odious and legally impossible discrimination. It has assumed to say that the passports attesting citizenship in the hands of an American Hebrew shall be ignored, and that its bearer shall be denied the rights which, under the treaty of 1832, he possesses.

This is obviously more, much more, than an injury to the individual. It is a flagrant insult to the nation of which he is a member and it is an insult which the United States has too long and too patiently endured. The time has come for resenting and repelling it and if, as seems, the resources of diplomacy are exhausted, a resort to more drastic and heroic measures is in order and should be no more delayed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"THE GIRL FROM THE CHORUS"

Next Thursday Night This Attraction will be at Lyceum.

"The Girl From the Chorus" will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum next Thursday night, March 9th. This is the first appearance of the company in our city, but they come to us highly recommended by the press of nearby towns. "The Girl From the Chorus" is a farce-comedy interpolated with singing and dancing. Young Apollo, the twentieth century athlete, is an acknowledged vaudeville feature. The plot of the piece deals with a young man, who must marry [illegible] in order to secure a large fortune. His aunt has been intrusted with the money, and hearing that he has been married for some time, comes on at once to settle the estate. He has only two hours in which to secure a wife and two-year old child. After [illegible] to give the servant [illegible] of money [illegible]. The servant [illegible] has been married [illegible]. The [illegible] introducing his wife [illegible]. The piece [illegible] funny [illegible] and a [illegible] and is sure to please [illegible]. The costumes worn by [illegible] Milliner were made by [illegible] and are very beautiful. "[illegible] McGinty," "I am not that Kind of a Girl," and "What is the Matter with Father" are a few of the musical numbers introduced in the piece.

[illegible] on sale at Wells' drug store.

New York's Great Pennsylvania Station.

One of the greatest works of modern times was the construction of the [illegible] tubes under the Hudson and East rivers, the tunnelling of Manhattan Island, and the erection of the magnificent Pennsylvania Station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-Second Street, New York, bringing the through trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad into the heart of New York City.

A descriptive booklet describing this great work, and telling what it means to the New York passengers, has been issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad and will be sent postpaid to any address by George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Send for it.

Mar.2-21

Edinboro Normal offers special courses to practical teachers. Spring term opens March 28, 1911. Catalog sent on application. —John F. Bigler, Principal. Mar.2-1t

GILLETT'S MINSTRELS.

What It Costs to Run a Home Talent Minstrel Show.

Financial statement of the band boys' benefit recently given here. The money is left in town.

Receipts.

Cash from sale tickets, Wells' drug store and opera house	$181.80
Cash from sale tickets, other agents	59.00
Cash from sale tickets by letters and including donations	31.50
	$272.30

Disbursements.

Paid H. C. Wells for Minstrel books, etc.	$ 8.30
J. T. Chisholm, Banner material	1.25
Henry Hauseman, Erie, uniforms	10.50
Donaldson Litho Co., Lithos	4.65
Miner, programs	3.50
Democrat, tickets	1.75
C. A. Burdick, sheet music	1.75
Lindholm Co., cambric, etc.	1.55
Jas. Quirk, for Lyceum, including rehearsals	33.00
Col. Gillett, costumes and trappings	16.15
Mrs. H. C. Wells, for taking charge of minstrel show	15.00
Guy McCoy, postage, express, etc.	3.60
E. W. Strong, express	1.00
	$102.00
Net Receipts	$170.30

The members of the Smethport I. O. O. F. band desire to return thanks to the public for this benefit, especially to those whose services and efforts were "behind the scenes."

Respectfully submitted,
E. W. STRONG,
F. H. BIEVER,
GUY McCOY,
Trustees of Smethport I. O. O. F. band.

A RESOLUTION INTRODUCED.

Its Purpose is to Head Off the Harem Skirt in This State.

Harrisburg, Feb. 28.—The following resolution offered by Representative Donahoe of Schuylkill county, has been read to the House and referred by Speaker Cox to a special committee composed of Donahoe and "Chicey," the self-appointed, demented guardian of the capitol:

Whereas, It appears by the public prints that some maniac in the city of Paris, in the country of France, has evolved a style for women known as the "Harem skirt," and

Whereas, instead of it being called the "Harem skirt" it should be called the "Harem scarem skirt," and

Whereas, if it should possibly happen that the women of this country should adopt said style no married man would be able to prevent his clothes from being worn by his wife, and

Whereas few men in these days of dear living are able to afford more than one suit, therefore

Be it resolved by the House of Representatives, if the Senate concur—and we think it will for they are most all married men that we most emphatically protest to a man against the adoption of this harem scarem skirt in America and we unhesitatingly remind the women of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, that if they dare to adopt and wear such a costume the day of woman suffrage will be indefinitely postponed.

TRIBUTE TO CONDUCTOR WILSON

Passenger Conductor Harry L. Wilson of the Bridgeton branch of the West Jersey and Seashore railroad, was a few days since made the recipient of an acrostical poem upon his name, and those who know him best, concede his worthiness to the sentiment expressed in the weaving of the lines.

Mr. Wilson is one of the most popular and most reliable men in the service of the company. His home is at Glassboro.

ACROSTIC.

Happy the man who walks in wisdom's ways,
And leads a life of honor all his days.
Royal the tribute he thus to conscience pays;
Royal words he hears when mortals praise;
Yes, happy he who from the truth ne'er strays.

Loves righteousness, and Heaven's laws obeys.

Would that we all were more like thee, dear friend,
If that would help our evil ways to mend;
Like thine, our better energies should blend,
So that we might prove good to the end;
Oh, may we ever righteousness defend
Nor fail to help its blessings to extend.

Feb. 1911. T. R. B.

Harry L. Wilson was a well-known business man in Smethport a number of years ago, and by annual visits has kept up his acquaintance here, where he has many friends.

Attention.

During the Minstrel show a vest was interchanged. It having the initial D. M. B. The person having that vest will kindly phone 37 L or leave at this office.

Advertise in The Miner.

A DEPENDABLE BANK.

It is a pleasure to be able to recommend an advertiser as strongly as we can speak in favor of the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, Pittsburgh, Pa. This institution, by its strict attention to all details of business, and by the security afforded by its large capital and surplus, which amount to a million dollars, has attracted depositors from all parts of the civilized world. It has put into operation a system of banking by mail which is very popular with persons remote from financial centers, because it carries to them precisely the same facilities which are accessible to those living within walking distance of the bank. This institution has been in successful existence since 1862, and if officered and directed by men of national prominence in the financial world, who make the safety of the funds committed to their care the very first consideration. The bank pays four per cent. compound interest on all savings deposits.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending February 27, 1911:

Anderson, Mr. A. A.
Bishop, Miss Virginia
Smeth, Sarah
Zellers, Mr. Louis
Celestamaritato, Napolitani (foreign.)

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Teachers!

Have you seen the Bulletin of Spring Term Courses at the Clarion State Normal School? If you are a teacher, a prospective teacher, or are in any way concerned with schools you will be interested to get this Bulletin which may be had by dropping a post card to the principal, J. George Becht, Clarion Pa. Mar.2-1t

White Steamer For Sale.

1908 (seven passenger) in first class condition, top, windshield, large sized prest-o-lite tank, speedometer, two extra outer casings, four extra inner tubes, full set of tools, extra set of pumps, and numerous other extras, all for $800. Inquire of

O. J. HAMLIN,
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
Feb.16-tf Smethport, Pa.

For Sale or Rent.

One of the best houses in Smethport, located on delightful grounds, together with barns and several acres of land. For further information call on or address

H. C. WELLS,
Feb.9-4t Smethport, Pa.

Farm to Let.

Farm of 106 acres to let to work on shares, located in Keating township. Phone 118 L or write

ALBERT E. HACKETT,
Mch 2 tf. Smethport, Pa.

Horses for Sale.

One pair of six-year olds, well matched, good workers and good drivers, weighs 2800.

One odd horse, 8 years old, good single or double. Phone 118-L or address

ALBERT E. HACKETT,
Mch.2.tf. Smethport, Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop,

$3.75
For A Suit of Clothing
Not our best but a GOOD SUIT. You can take our best suit at
$13.95
All suits and overcoats below cost. Your choice of Black and Blues as well as Fancy Patterns.
Give us a call
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of
SPRING AMD SUMMER WOOLENS.
From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.
BAKER & GELDER
Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters
Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.
Olean House Block, Olean, N. Y.

OPERA HOUSE
Thursday
March 9
"THE GIRL FROM THE CHORUS"
A Farce Comedy with Musical Numbers
Prices, 25, 35 and 50

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers.
Our line is complete in
Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given to Watch repairing and Engraving.
Engstrom & Olson
SMETHPORT, PA.

Real Estate Bargains
The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.
Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.
Prices range from $475.00 to $625.00 Including lots.
Also 50 building lots.
See Jas. A. McKean, D. M. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.
Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

SHOT TO PIECES
~~Prices on Tires, Tubes and Repairing~~
have been greatly Reduced.
NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR TIRES
Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.
SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHFORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.
A Full Line of Sundries in Stock
—Write us for Prices—
SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
Smethport, Penn'a.

17 Semi-Annual

CLEARANCE SALE

—OF—

THE LINDHOLM CO.

Ends March 4

THE TIME to supply your needs, [present or future] from the many lines offered in this

Great Clearance Sale.

A Number of unadvertised

Special Values for SATURDAY

Every dollar spent here during this sale will be the best investment you have made. If you doubt it, you can convince yourself by looking over the values for this sale.

It Will Save Your Money.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CLEAN YOUR HOUSE

FOR 50c

with the

REGINA

Pneumatic Cleaner

For rent at

Daly & Garlick's

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 2, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gustof Engstrom, on Tuesday, February 28, 1911, a son.

—Men's Banquet at the Methodist church next Tuesday night. All men invited.

—Mrs. S. F. Redfield entertained a large party of ladies at her home on West Main street Saturday evening.

—Mrs. Guy H. McCoy entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Union street last Thursday evening.

—Mrs. Thomas H. Morrison entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street Tuesday evening.

—George Alcock went to Kane Monday where he underwent an operation Tuesday. He is doing as well as could be expected.

—C. F. Haughney of Erie is seriously ill with typhoid fever. His many friends in this place hope for his speedy recovery.

—Robert P. Habgood has been chosen postmaster of Bradford, and therefore we extend congratulations to our brother editor.

—H. O. Gallup is a patient at the Buffalo General hospital. Last week Thursday he was operated upon and is now getting along nicely.

—Charles and Fred Pratt wish to thank their many friends for the kindnesses shown and aid given during the sickness and death of their father, William Pratt.

—Mrs. Peter Johnson wishes to thank all her kind friends and the members of the Maccabees who rendered her so much assistance during the long illness and death of her husband.

—Miss Minnie Hays of Westfield, N. Y. and Mr. Claude B. Slone, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Slone of Bradford, were married on Sunday last at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. R. G. Loveless of Westfield.

—Richard, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Malcom, died at the home of his parents on West Main street, Thursday afternoon, March 23, 1911. Friday afternoon a short service was held at the house, conducted by Rev. McGavern of the M. E. church, and the remains laid to rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

—The members of the Lemon Club gave a pre-Lenton dance at the Lyceum last Monday evening which was largely attended and all had a delightful time. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and a dainty luncheon was prepared for the guests and members by Miss Millicent Pattison.

—The advertisement of Baker & Gilder, the popular clothiers and furnishers of Olean, appears in this issue and should be read by all who appreciate good, well-made clothing.

—Bert Peasley and Lenora Clark, both of Coryville were united in marriage by Justice Gleason on Monday, Feb. 27, 1911.

—Services at St. Luke's first Friday in Lent, March 3rd. Evening prayer at 7:30. The Rev. F. T. Cady of Port Allegany will preach. Services Sunday, March 5th: Morning prayer at 10:00, Holy Communion and sermon at 10:30; evening prayer and sermon at 7:30. Services at All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m., also each Wednesday evening in Lent at 7:30.

—E. T. Daly, the well-known liveryman, is severely ill at his home on Main street. Early this morning Mr. Daly suffered a hemmorhage of the stomach. Medical aid was summoned and he was given as much relief as possible, although he is still in a very precarious condition.

—Mrs. S. R. Lindsley, wife of Editor Lindsley, fell on the icy sidewalk in front of the Rumsey house on Mechanic street at about 9:30 this morning, breaking her left wrist. She was assisted to her home at the corner of Mechanic and Bank streets, and Dr. Hamilton summoned, who dressed the injured member. One bone in the wrist is broken and another dislocated. This unfortunate accident will probably lay Mrs. Lindsley up for some time and she has the sincere sympathy of many friends.

—Don't forget the Men's Banquet at the chapel of the Methodist church next Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., at 8 o'clock. At the close of the repast addresses will be delivered by Rev. F. S. Tincher, D. D., of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Bradford and by Dr. Battstone, a medical missionary from the Foreign field. The aim of this banquet is to bring our men in touch with the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which has become a movement of widespread interest. Tickets 50c each.

—Word has been received from Norwich that the log trains from the big woods to Austin have been taken off for an indefinite period owing to the shutdown of the Austin mill. The work on the mill at Norwich is being rushed as fast as possible. There are rumors to the effect that not much timber will be cut on the big tract next summer but this rumor was not confirmed in a telephone message from Norwich to The Miner this morning, although our informant did not positively state that the rumor was untrue.

—Murl W. Soety, an Erie lad, died Saturday of typhoid fever. He has received much attention in Erie for the past two or three years because of his interest in the squirrels. There are many fine specimens of black and gray squirrels and this boy spent much of his time studying their habits. Believing that they were not properly housed, he constructed boxes for them which were placed in trees in the city. He had been sick with typhoid for eight weeks and the squirrels have lost their best friend.—Kane Republican.

—Mrs. Anna Tracy Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tracy of this city, was united in marriage yesterday morning at St. Patrick's rectory in Salamanca, to John Valentine Houseman of Salamanca. Rev. Father Barrett performed the ceremony. Miss Tracy of New York, a sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and Frank McFarlin of Ridgway, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Houseman left for a wedding trip and will reside in Salamanca. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tracy of this city, parents of the bride, attended the wedding.—Bradford Star-Record of Friday. The bride and her parents formerly lived in Smethport where they have many friends who wish Mr. and Mrs. Houseman a happy married life.

—Mrs. Harry L. Backus gave a piano recital at her home on East Main street last Friday night for her pupils and the following program was rendered: "Days of Yore," Miss Inza Sherburne; "Constantinople," Miss Marion Gallup and Mrs. Backus; "Memory's Dream," Miss Gallup; "Festival Procession," Miss Gallup and Miss Lillian Michaels; "Puppets at Play," Miss Mirabel Hamlin; "At the Picnic," Miss Dorothy Eastman; "Bluette," Miss Ellanorah Colegrove; "First Violet of Spring," Miss Katherine Hamilton and Mrs. Backus; "Chiming Bells," Claude Heinlein; "The Bettles Dance," Miss Rita Denning; "Song of the Birds," Miss Michaels. After the program was rendered games were indulged in and light refreshments were served. The pupils and guests spent a delightful evening.

PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

In conversation with J. C. Backus, president of the Backus Novelty Works, of Smethport, recently, the writer was informed that their company paid about $40 for a half-inch space in a prominent American magazine with a large circulation, and that they have landed several desirable contracts therefrom. It looks like an expensive venture to pay about a dollar a word to a publication, yet the same publication is restrictive of their advertisers at that rate. The Backus Novelty Works has recently purhcased a large three-story building and have a prospective future of being Smethport's most important industry—aside from the court house. Mr. Backus says that they are now contemplating taking a quarter-page advertisement in the magazine above referred to at a cost of $900, with "follow up" advertisements costing as much more. Such figures almost make a novice in advertising gasp for breath, yet Mr. Backus is convinced that it pays, and that is what counts in the end.—Eldred Eagle.

PERSONAL MENTION.

E. R. Tanner of Eldred had business in town this week.

Miss Rose Curtis is visiting friends in Eldred this week.

John E. Mullin of Kane had business at court this week.

Rev. W. E. Van Dyke returned Saturday from Scranton, Pa.

Bernard Hungiville of Rixford is attending court this week.

Frank Creighton of Ridgway passed Sunday with friends in town.

Wm. J. Pratt left for his home in Pueblo, Colorado, Thursday afternoon.

F. B. King of Ceres, N. Y., was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

C. T. Evans of Bradford was a Smethport business visitor Saturday.

Mrs. McIntyre of York, Pa., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. W. Workley.

W. H. Morrison and E. W. Jones were in Bradford on business Friday last.

Editor Chas. O. Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter was a juror this week.

Miss Sophia Steinhauer of Clermont was the guest of friends in town yesterday.

George Lauer of Port Allegany is serving as foreman of the grand jury this week.

Mrs. Nina Rumsey was in Bingham the first of the week, the guset of her son, Garth.

Miss May Choate spent Sunday in Hornell, N. Y., the guest of Mrs. Lawrence Hopper.

Mrs. Thomas Callar of Washington, D. C., is visiting relatives and friends in this and nearby towns.

Mrs. Lena Martin of Clermont was a visitor in town Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Provin of Warsaw, N. Y., were the guests of relatives in town from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Anna Ames who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Ritchie, has returned to her home in Emporium.

Miss Mayme Colegrove left for Washington, D. C., Monday to attend the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. Helmer.

Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Dunbar of Obi, N. Y., were in town Saturday to attend the wedding of their son, Frank, and Miss Gerritt.

District Attorney Guy B. Mayo of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is spending a few days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo.

Mrs. H. E. Dumjohn and daughter, Maude, of St. Marys were guests of relatives and friends in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Hopper and daughter, Ruth, of Belmont, N. Y., passed Sunday at the home of his brother, Webb B. Hopper.

S. R. Lindsley left for Harrisburg, Pa., Tuesday to attend the Democratic State Convention meeting which is being held at that place this week.

Mrs. Rheinhart of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, who is visiting at the home of her brother, George Richards, of Kasson, was the guest of the Misses Richards in this place over Sudnay.

Hon. J. M. McElroy of Bradford has been doing jury duty this week and was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday. Mr. McElroy has been spending the winter with his son, Fred of Lockport, and came here to perform jury duty and renew old friendships. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he is enjoying the best of health.

Wanted.

Agents in Smethport and vicinity to sell the best and most complete line of Vacum Cleaners on the market. We manufacture five types of hand power machines and several electric. The right party can earn big money. Take advantage of the spring business. We give exclusive agency. Write at once.

The Cyclone Vacum Cleaner Co.,
Mar.2-3t. Bradford, Pa.

WE APPEAL

to Critical Mothers

to investigate our

SPECIAL OFFER

of Boys Suits

with Knickerbocker Pants

At $2.95

Actual value $4.00, $5.00 and $6.00 a suit. You should not miss this chance to clothe your boy in one of these stylish and well made Suits, at

A SAVING

of

$1.00 TO $3.00

MONHEIMER'S

Wooltex Garments Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

275 NEW WHITE WAISTS

VICTORIA BRAND

Your attention, if you please, to a shipment of "VICTORIA" Waists which has just arrived.

Discriminating women will find the "Victoria" Waist a garment to satisfy the most critical taste. Materials are of the choicest styles, the last word and the workmanship will meet the approval of the most fastidious. The "Victoria" is so much of an improvement over what is usually termed splendid in shirt waists that we want you to see this new line while the assortment is at its best.

Materials are Batiste, Lingerie Lawns, Persian Lawns, Marquissettes, Linens and Linen finish Cottons.

Sizes 32 to 44 Prices $1.00 to $5.75

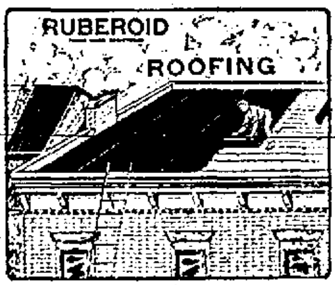
A Petticoat Bargain

Dresden and Persian Patterns in all silk, worth $5.00
Only 24 of them at $3.50

FRY & COMES

The store that sells "WOOLTEX."

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

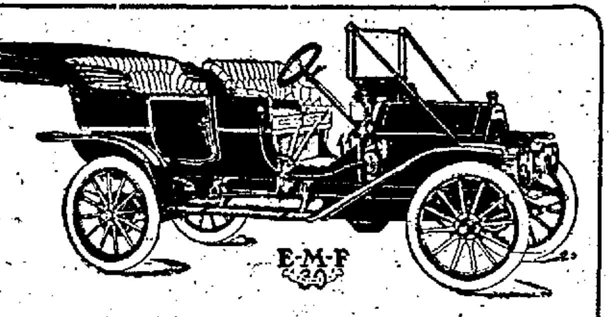
It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.



WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30, FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 103 inch wheel base, selective sliding change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield, $90.00 extra

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

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The Sky-Man

By
Henry Ketchell Webster

Illustrations by Chas. W. Rosser

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CHAPTER X.—Next morning they find that the yacht has disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.—Captain Warner of the Aurora declares to Fanshaw and his son that it is impossible to return for Jeanne, that the vessel would be crushed by the ice floes. Dying, Captain Planck tells of Roscoe's plans to capture the yacht. The ruffian's presence on the shore adds to Fanshaw's anxiety about Jeanne. The only ray of hope is that Cayley is with her.

CHAPTER XIII.—Jeanne and the sky-man set about making the hut more comfortable. They plan to search for supplies hidden by the explorer. Jeanne is frightened by a glimpse of something resembling a polar bear.

CHAPTER XIV.—Cayley kills a polar bear. Search is made through the explorer's diary for a clue to the hiding place of his supplies. Her father's description of the monster, Roscoe, arouses in Jeanne the horror that he and his gang may be sharing their solitude.

CHAPTER XV.—Cayley finds a clue to the hiding place of the stores. A cold cellar is discovered in the hut and in it a chimney-like hole leading straight up through the ice.

CHAPTER XVI.—Cayley explores the tunnel and finds that it leads to an observatory built by Captain Fielding, where are hidden some delicacies and useful articles. Unseen by the girl or Cayley, Roscoe is about to attack Jeanne when he is sent fleeing in terror by the sight of the sky-man swooping down beside the girl.

CHAPTER XVII.—Footprints warn Cayley of the presence of Roscoe, and measures are taken to fortify the hut.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Cayley kills a wounded polar bear and, finding a rifle bullet in its body, receives the first intimation that the ruffian possesses firearms. Jeanne wakes Philip during the night to tell him the hut is on fire.

CHAPTER XIX.—A new fissure in the ice yields up Hunter's body and Roscoe, finding it, removes the dead man's rifle. He wounds a bear, and in following it, discovers that Cayley is a human being and not a spirit. Roscoe fires the hut. He is baffled in his plan to murder Cayley when the latter and Jeanne take refuge in the cave, instead of leaving by the door.

CHAPTER XX.

A Moonlit Day.

The midday moon had changed the somber purple of the snow to silver. The snow lay everywhere, save upon the vertical face of the cliff itself, an unrent, immaculate mantle over all this arctic world. The valley, the hills, the beach and the frozen sea all lay at peace beneath it as if asleep or dead.

To Cayley, where he lay, suspended in midsky, the moonlight gleaming upon the sensitive fabric of his planes, as it gleams upon the faint ripples on a mill pond in the dead of some June night—to Cayley this white, sleeping, frozen world looked very far away. He was a-wing for the first time since that eternity ago when he had descended upon the beach beside Jeanne to warn her of the approach of the bear.

How long ago that was, by the measure of hours and days and weeks, he did not know. He had no data for an estimate that would be better than a guess. He remembered how desperately they had worked that night, saving what they could from the burning hut and carrying it back into the cave; remembered with what labor he and Jeanne had climbed the ice chimney to the only shelter that now remained to them, the little pilot house observatory upon the cliff-head; remembered the unremitting labor of uncounted hours while they adjusted their way of life to the conditions imposed by the calamitous loss of the hut.

But after that there were lapses of time which memory did not cover. During that time he knew the utmost fury of the arctic winter had been raging over them, without cessation. They had been sheltered from it down in the heart of the great drift of snow which the storm had heaped about them. But, even in this security the shock of those successive paroxysms of nature's titanic rage reached down and benumbed them, body and soul.

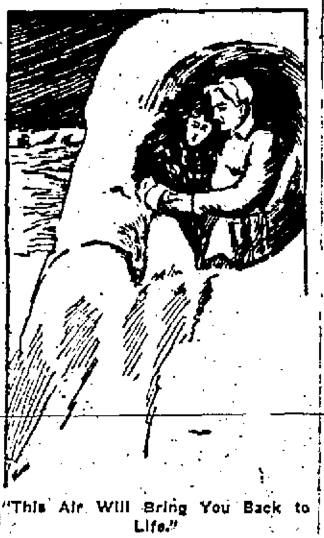
But at last the rage of the storm had spent itself and had become still. The bitterness of the cold relaxed and became milder. Cayley had felt the blood stirring in his veins again, the power of consecutive thought and the ambition to live, coming once more into his possession. He had gone to work, feebly and drowsily at first, but with constantly increasing energy and strength, at the task of opening up, once more, the tunnel through the drift which the great storm had choked.

When he had broken through the outer crust of the drift, and the white radiance of the midday moon shone into the black tunnel where he had been working, he stood for a moment drawing deep breaths and gazing over the scene which lay beneath his eyes. He hastened back into the little pilot house.

Jeanne was dozing upon a heap of bear-skins. He roused her with some difficulty; really waking up had been a hard matter lately, almost as hard as really getting off to sleep. She was still drowsy when he led her along the tunnel to the cliff-head.

"Breathe deep," he told her. "We were half poisoned in there. This air will bring you back to life again, it and the moonlight."

He had been supporting her with his arm about her waist, but now, as she held herself a little straighter and he could feel her lungs expanding with the pure air she breathed, he withdrew the arm and let her stand alone. Even the white moonlight revealed the color that was coming back into her cheeks.


"This Air Will Bring You Back to Life."

For a while she did not speak at all; then, as if replying to a comment of his, she said:

"Yes, it's beautiful. . . . But, Philip, it's dead. Dead."

"Not this air that has ozone sparkling all through it. It is alive enough to make your blood dance. It's doing that now."

He tried to persuade her to take a little exercise along the length of the tunnel, but she demurred to that. Instead, she asked him to bring out some bear-skins and let her sit there at the cliff-head looking out.

"And," she supplemented, "if you want to know what I should like most of all, it would be to have you bring your wings so that I can see you flying again, and a field-glass that I can watch you through."

He felt some hesitation, partly out of a fear of leaving her and partly from a doubt concerning his own strength; but neither of these reasons was one he cared to avow. So he unfurled the bundle that had lain disused so long, spread and tightened and tested it, and at last, with a nod of farewell to the girl, dived off the cliff-head.

Any doubt he may have had concerning his strength disappeared at once. The mere touch of those great wings of his seemed to bring it all back, and hope and joy and confidence along with it.

He made his dive as shallow as possible, and in the sheer exuberance of delight at being once more a-wing, he beat his way aloft again by main strength, towering like a falcon. All his old power was here unimpaired, yet every sensation it brought him was heightened and made thrilling by long disuse. By means of those great, obedient wings of his he played upon the capricious, vagrant air with the superb insolence of mastery. Every trick of flight was at his command, the flashing dive of the piratical frigate bird, the corkscrew spiral of the tern, the plummet-like pounce of the hawk, and, at last, the majestic, soaring drift of the king of them all, the albatross.

So he hung there in midsky, and the world, white, frozen, immaculate—looked far away. The old, god-like serenity, untroubled, untrammeled, unafraid, came back to him. The soul opened its gates, up there, lost its boundaries, and all the spirit of the sky came in, immense, cold, clear as the all-pervading ether. This was Nirvana, though the old Buddhist adepts who had philosophized about it had never conquered the sky, had never bathed in it as Cayley on his wings was bathing now.

The declining moon sank lower, till the refracting ice crystals that filled the air caught its light slantwise and danced with it so that it flickered like a will-o'-the-wisp. The sky deepened from its bright steel-blue to purple. The silver light upon the snow faded, through lavender and lilac, to a purple of its own, only less deep than that of the sky itself. But the stars burned brighter and brighter, until it almost seemed they sang:

"Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes."

The words projected themselves quite unsought into his mind. He spent a moment or two, wondering where they came from, and then it came to him. It was a part of two lines from the "Hymn on the Nativity."

Somehow, the thought of Christmas gave his soul a wrench that brought it back into the world again. They had lost their reckoning of time, and, for anything he knew, this might be Christmas day. Perhaps those stars were caroling their Christmas chimes. Perhaps, down in the world of men, the windows were hung with holly and doorways with mistletoe.

Before his thoughts had advanced as far as that he was flying down toward the cliff-head. He could only guess at the length of time that had elapsed since he left Jeanne, on her heap of skins, there in the mouth of the snow tunnel. It must have been an hour or more, for the moon had been shining when he started, and now almost the last of its twilight had died on the horizon.

A sharp sense of his own delinquency in having left her to her own resources for so long, when she had so few resources to draw upon, increased to a sudden alarm for her safety, when he made out the black mouth of the tunnel and saw that there was no light at the farther end of it. She couldn't have been waiting all this time, out in the cold; and yet his eyes, as he hovered, seeking the exact spot to alight, certainly made out a dark object lying there upon the snow. His heart felt like lead as he dropped close beside it, and scrambled clear of his wings.

It was Jeanne; and for a moment he thought she was dead. She seemed as white and cold as the snow itself. And yet she was not dead; not even frozen. The hands he chafed so frantically were inert, but not rigid; and, as he drew her up in his arms and pressed his head down against her breast, he could hear, very faintly and slowly, the beating of her heart.

He picked her up in his arms and carried her into the pilot house. The air here was still warmer than that out of doors, but it was no longer exhausted and poisonous.

He laid her down for long enough to light the lamp, to throw off his stiff leather jacket and to get a little brandy out of the keg. This he mixed with a little water and, with the aid of a small ivory spoon, he succeeded in getting a little of it between her lips.

He took off her heavy seal coat and the woolen jacket she wore under it, and, as well as he could, loosened the other clothing about her waist. Last of all, he gathered her up in his arms again, wrapped the great sheep-skin bag about them both and, with the brandy and water within arm's reach, settled down to attempt to get some of the warmth and vitality of his own body into hers.

She was not fully unconscious now, for the next time he offered her brandy she swallowed it. Her eyelids were fluttering a little, too, and presently she sighed.

He was thrilling all over with a tremendous sense of power. He felt he could have brought her back from the very dead. His arteries seemed to be running with electricity, not blood.

Her lips were moving now, and he bent close to catch the whisper that barely succeeded in passing them.

"Don't—bring me back—Philip. It's—so much—easier to go—this way."

His only reply to that was to hold her a little closer.

She did not resist when he held the drink to her lips again; but, after she had taken two or three sips of it, she said:

"I shan't need any more. I'm getting quite beautifully warm again."

He knew it was true. She no longer felt lifeless in his arms, though she still lay there quite relaxed. He knew he could let her go now, safely enough. And yet he held her fast.

"I thought you were dead when I saw you lying there on the snow," he said at last, not very steadily. "If you had been, it would have been my own doing."

She contradicted him with a sharp negative gesture.

"You left me well enough wrapped up to have resisted the cold for any length of time. Besides, if I'd wanted to I could have come back in here. But—but, Philip— Oh, it seems a dreadful thing to confess, now you are here with me—I didn't want to. I just lay down on the snow, thinking I could go to sleep and—and that would be the end—such an easy end!"

She felt him shudder all over as she said it, and she clasped his shoulders and held them tight, in a desire to reassure and comfort him.

"Did you mean to do that— Was that why you asked me to fly away for a while?"

"No! No! It was something I saw, while you were gone, something that terrified me. Philip, do you remember how many of the people of the Phoenix died of what father called the ice madness?"

He nodded gravely.

"Well, what I saw made me think that I was going that way, too. Philip, I was watching the moon go down, and gradually it spread out into three, quite far apart, and then they changed into strange colors, and stranger shapes, and began to dance like witches."

He laughed, but the laugh had something very like a sob mixed up in it.

"You poor child! No wonder it frightened you. But that's the orthodox way for the moon to set in the arctic. It's part of the same refraction that plays such strange tricks with the daylight colors. No, you're a long way from ice madness, Jeanne."

"But that wasn't all I saw, Philip. It wasn't the worst. I saw a ship against the moon, only it seemed too high above the horizon, somehow. That's the crowning impossibility. And then the moons began to dance, that wicked, witch-like dance of mockery. So I lay down in the snow and hid my face in my arms to . . . to go to sleep. It seemed so easy and, somehow, seemed right, too; not wicked any way."

She felt him shuddering again, and his clasping arms strained her so close they almost hurt.

"Thank God, I came in time!" she heard him whisper.

"But you did come in time," she reminded him, for she could still feel him shuddering with the horror of the thing. "You brought me back, and I'm not even afraid any more." She paused, and there was a little silence. Then she added: "And I'm quite warm now."

His arms slackened for a moment, and then once more they clasped her close.

"I—I—don't want to let you go," he said, and his voice had a note in it which she had never heard before. "Jeanne—Jeanne, dear, can you forgive me—forgive me that it's true? Forgive me for telling you? I have the whole world in my arms when I hold you like this. And life and death and promises, and past deeds, and right and wrong, are all swallowed up, just in the love of you. God forgive me, Jeanne; it's true!" Then he unclasped his arms. "Can't you forgive, too?"

She caught her breath in a great sob. Turning a little, she clasped her own young arms around his neck and held him tight.

It was a long time after that before either of them spoke. Finally, Jeanne asked a question.

"But, why—" her voice broke in an unsteady little laugh, "but why do you ask to be forgiven? You told me the very first day, the day we found the yacht had gone, that you—loved me. That's why I allowed you to stay."

"Yes, but there's an infinity of ways of loving, Jeanne, dear. I had a right to love the soul of you, for that was what had given me my own soul back and my power of loving. But we set out to live through this winter in the hope of a rescue, the hope that when another day came it would bring a ship to take you back into your own real world. I couldn't go back with you, you know, I'm a man with a stain upon him. Since that was so, I hadn't any right to love you this—other way. I wonder if you understand, even now. I love all of you; from the crown of glory you wear, down to the print your boot has left in the snow. I love your lashes, your wistful lips. The touch of anything that is warm with your hands can thrill me. And as for the hands themselves—oh, I can't make you understand."

"Yes," she said very softly, "I understand, how."

"And yet," he began after awhile, "I haven't any right, when I must give you up some day . . . ."

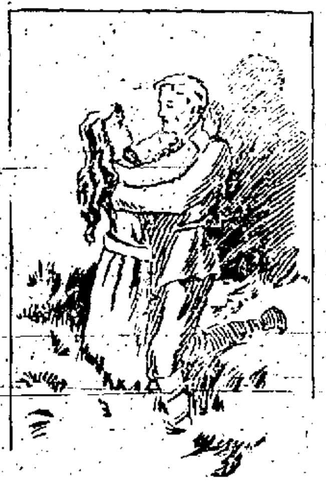
She laid her fingers on his lips.

"We'll not talk of rights," she said. "Not now, not tonight. But there's something more to say. Philip, it wasn't the sight of the ship there against the moon that made me think I wanted it all to end. That was the excuse I made to myself, but it was only an excuse. The real despair came when I saw you flying, saw how gloriously free you were up there, and thought it wasn't love that kept you here beside me, but only pity— Well, a sort of love, perhaps; but not what I wanted; not what I felt for you. I'd seen you draw away when I touched you."

She heard a sound in his throat that might have been a sob, though it seemed meant for a laugh, and she felt his arms tighten about her with a sudden passion that almost hurt. So she said no more, just kissed him and lay still.

It was a good while after that that she made a move to release herself.

"Let me go now," she said, "and I'll get you some supper, or breakfast, or whatever we decide to call it—only you'll have to go down into the ice cave to get some more supplies. We've nothing much left up here."


She Clasped Her Young Arms About His Neck.

She dropped down on a heap of bear-skins before the open door, and sat gazing out at the black velvety patch of sky which capped the snow tunnel. Even when she heard Cayley coming back up the ice chimney she did not immediately turn to look at him. It was, in a way, a sort of luxury not to; to think that if she waited she would presently hear his step come nearer and feel his hands upon her shoulders.

(To be continued.)

Trouble.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds. All they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.—Edward E. Hale

Of Course.

Bound to sell—modern fiction.—Harvard Lampoon.

Atlas and His Load.

Strictly speaking, "atlas" is a misnomer for a map book, since it was not the world, but the heavens, that the "atlas" of mythology upheld. Mercator, the famous Dutch geographer, who made globes for Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was the first to use the name in this connection, choosing it as a convenient and in some sort an appropriate title, because Atlas, the demigod, figures with a world upon his shoulders as a frontispiece of some early works on geography.

Atlas, it was said, made war with other Titans upon Zeus and, being conquered, was condemned to bear heaven upon his head and hands. Later tradition represented him as a man changed by means of Medusa's head into a mountain, upon which rested heaven and all its stars.

In any case, Atlas was always associated with a heavy burden strongly borne. Thus Shakespeare makes Warwick say to Gloucester:

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight.

It is not difficult to see how by an association of ideas this came to be chosen as the name for a book of maps which upholds and exhibits to us the whole world.

Marshal Tureen and His Soup.

There is a quaint old shop in London which still bears the name of Samuel Birch, the first purveyor of turtle soup in the English capital. Amid all the changes of the city Birch's shop in Cornhill survives in the guise it wore when its owner was lord mayor of London in the memorable year of Waterloo. Samuel Birch achieved distinction in many fields. He was an orator and a patriot; he was colonel of the city militia and accepted with great good nature his nickname of Marshal Tureen; he was a man of letters, produced plays that held the stage and books that were readable, though now seldom read. One of his plays, "The Adopted Child," was popular long after its author had killed his last turtle. His daughter married Lamartine, and one of his sons, a fine classical scholar, begat a family of scholars. Yet Birch's claim to fame rests most upon the fact that he was the man who made turtle soup popular. City merchants, templars from the Inns and dandies from the west end all flocked to Cornhill, the turtle house of all London.—Argonaut.

Reign of the Dandies.

In the matter of dress we have fallen upon a decline since the days when the Duke of Wellington was refused admission to Almack's because he was wearing trousers, instead of breeches and silk stockings. Even Almack's, however, had to admit trousers within its closely guarded portals the following year. When Gladstone was "up" at Oxford the reign of the dandies was in full swing. When late in life he revisited the university to lecture to the undergraduates on Homer he was asked by G. W. E. Russell whether he noticed any difference between his audience and the men of his own time.

"Yes" he replied, "in their dress an enormous change. I am told that I had among my audience some of the most highly connected and richest men in the university, and there wasn't one whom I couldn't have dressed from top to toe for £5."—St. James' Gazette.

A "Fast" Train.

"Speaking of railroads," said the truthful man, "the ultimate word, in my experience, was a certain 'limited' on which I traveled last summer. At a point where we were making our greatest speed a man stood at the side of the track with a moving picture machine. I leaned out of the window and called to him, 'How are you getting on?'

"He stopped turning the crank and spoke with an expression of deep disgust.

"'It don't seem to be no use,' he said. 'Hold your head still, please. I want to get a time exposure.'"—Everybody's.

The Burglar's Prayer.

Sir Herbert Risley, speaking of the castes of eastern Bengal at a meeting of the Royal Anthropological Institute, said a curious system of religious worship prevailed among a caste who were professional burglars. They made a space in the ground, and a man then cut his arm and prayed to one of the earth gods that there might be a dark night and that he might succeed in obtaining great booty and escape capture.—London Standard.

No Whiskers on His Sea Food.

Two colored porters paused to rest a moment on their mops in a downtown office building recently. "Boy," said one, smacking his lips, "did you ever eat mushrat?" "Mushrat?" returned the other. "No; I never eat any mushrat. The only fancy sea food I ever fussed with was lobster."—New York World.

Puzzled.

Mother (at lunch)—Yes, darling, these little sardines are sometimes eaten by the larger fish. Mabel (aged five)—But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?—London Ideas.

The Truth.

"Truth is as clear as a bell," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, but it isn't always tolled," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Not Serious.

"I hear there are grave charges against Senator Jinks."

"What are they?"

"The sexton's bills."

Your labor only may be sold; your soul must not.—Ruskin.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Hanson, Mt. Jewett.
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Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
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Constable—U. H. Foote.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
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Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work (initiatory degree first meeting of each month) 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25 meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S., meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGeveh, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Service and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Tegart, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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Grandma Turner's Beau

How Love's Afterglow Came to Doxie Turner

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Miss Doxie Turner opened the door wide to admit the bulky figure of her neighbor.

"My land, but it's come off cold, Doxie," shivered Beulah Norton as she hovered close to the warm kitchen fire. "I thought my knitted shawl would be plenty warm enough, but it seemed like I had nothing on."

"Sit down, Beulah; here's my rocker. Don't you want some hot spiced cider? I was just going to fix some for myself." Miss Doxie brought a jug of sweet cider from the cellar and poured a quantity into a stone pipkin and set it on the stove to heat. She added some nutmeg and ginger and stirred it carefully. When it was hot and steaming she poured the cider into two large china mugs and brought out a plate of doughnuts.

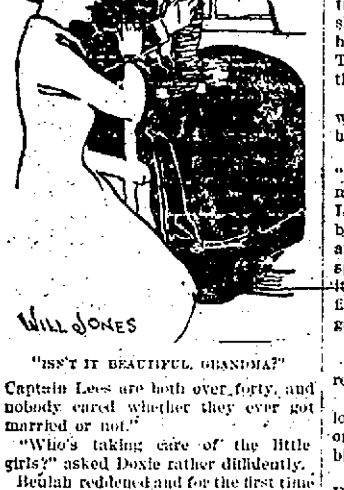
"When I passed the old Bunderman place the wind was howling in those locusts fit to drive you crazy. I wonder at Howard wanting to go back there to live again." Beulah watched Doxie's startled face with furtive eyes.

"I didn't know Howard had come back, Beulah. I thought he was settled in Omaha."

"So he was, but—you know Lucy died most a year ago and left him with those two little girls on his hands. I guess he found it hard work doing for them and keeping at his job, too; so he came east a few days ago, thinking Estelle would take care of them so's he could get work in the shipyard. She's lived alone there so much I guess he thought she'd be glad to have him back home again."

"Didn't he know she was married?" asked Doxie curiously.

"No more than any of the rest of the village suspected it might happen. Captain Lees, he's been real mousy about courting Estelle, and then their streaking off to the city and getting married last Saturday was the biggest surprise Fernville ever had. 'Twasn't like a boy and girl elopement—you expect that—but Estelle Bunderman and



"ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, GRANDMA?"

Captain Lees are both over forty, and nobody cared whether they ever got married or not."

"Who's taking care of the little girls?" asked Doxie rather diffidently.

Beulah reddened and for the first time appeared flustered. "I am," she said bluntly.

"You are? I didn't know you cared much about children," remarked Doxie slowly.

"I don't especially, but I have plenty of time, and ma said we might as well help Howard out till he got a housekeeper. You can't guess what that young one's called!" she repeated.

"I can't guess unless it's after Lucy's Aunt Hyacinth Moore," suggested Doxie, rising to her slender height. "I remember when Lucy and I went to school together she used to think her aunt had the loveliest name in the world."

"She wasn't named after her mother's Aunt Hyacinth Moore," mimicked Beulah rather crossly. "Lucy Bunderman was awful tender hearted, and I guess her conscience kind of bothered her the way she'd acted toward some folks; so she named the second little girl after one of her old schoolmates. I must be going now. Goodby."

When Beulah's red shawl had flickered from sight Doxie turned back to the sunlit room and sat down once more.

An attack of neuralgia had confined her to the house for several days, and consequently she had not heard of Howard Bunderman's return to Fernville. Nearly every pleasant day when she went down to the postoffice she passed the Bunderman place, and whenever she saw Estelle's pale face at the door or window she would wave a hand in greeting, and sometimes Miss Bunderman would come out to the gate and chat for awhile. But she never mentioned her brother nor anything about his affairs to Doxie Turner. Indeed, no one in Fernville dreamed of repeating Howard's name in Doxie's hearing.

If they had only known, Doxie would not have minded their mentioning the name of Howard Bunderman, to whom she had once been almost engaged to be married; nor of Lucy Moore, who had been the village belle and madcap who had got Howard away from Doxie and married him, some said, out of pure love of mischief. It was known that Lucy bitterly repented of her wickedness, for her husband did not love her as dearly as he did Doxie Turner, yet never by look or deed did he betray himself. But Lucy Bunderman knew. The postmistress said that Lucy had written a letter to Doxie once after her marriage, when she had gone out to Omaha to live, and that a letter from Doxie Turner had passed through the office in reply. That was all. Nobody ever knew what Doxie Turner thought about the matter. She always looked the same, tall and fair and sweet, with wistful blue eyes that never overlooked a duty undone.

Now she suddenly arose from her chair with a little exclamation of dismay. She opened the door into the sitting room, where Grandmother Turner sat in the sunny bow window knitting furiously at a long white stocking.

Apple wood logs were singing and sizzling in the drum stove, and there was the pleasant odor of cedar from the old lady's open cedar chest.

"About time you took your tonic, grandma," suggested Doxie. "I forgot all about it. Have you been lonesome in here?"

"Not a mite, Doxie. I'm too busy to be lonesome. I heard Beulah Norton's voice in the kitchen, and I was scart to death afraid she'd come in here. I can't abide her!" Mrs. Turner jabbed her needles into the wool and paused for breath. Her black eyes sought her granddaughter's face with a keen inquiry.

"What's the news, Doxie? Something's happened—your face is real pink."

"I guess it was the spiced cider I've been drinking," evaded Doxie as she moved to and fro preparing the tonic. "Beulah was real cold when she came in, and I heated some cider, and, besides, the kitchen's getting most too hot."

"What's the news?" persisted Mrs. Turner, making a horrible face over the medicine.

"You know Estelle and Captain Lees went to the city and got married last Saturday."

"Of course I know, Doxie Turner! You told me yourself! I guess I know what Beulah Norton came up to tell you." She looked narrowly at the younger woman.

"What then?" asked Doxie defiantly.

Mrs. Turner folded her wrinkled hands and looked out of the window. "Beulah came up to tell you that Howard Bunderman had come back. I've known it ever since he came, Doxie. Somebody run in and told me when you was down to the postoffice. I feel dreadful sorry for that poor fellow. I guess he had a hard row to hoe with Lucy Moore, though I bet he tried to do his duty by her. And after she got him I guess she wasn't real happy over the way she'd treated you. They say before she died she named the second little girl after you."

"After me?" Doxie's face radiated with a strange glow. "Did Lucy name her little girl after me?"

"Yes," snapped grandmother sternly. "'Twas the least she might do after making so much trouble all around. Lucy wanted to marry Jim Turrell, but he didn't care for her, so she got around Howard and married him for spite. She was a clever one. She fixed it so he couldn't get out of it, and first thing Howard knew he was engaged to her instead of you."

"How did you know?"

"It came direct from Lucy herself," returned Mrs. Turner with dignity.

Doxie opened the stove door and looked at the fire. The red glow shone on her sweet face and discovered her blue eyes wet with tears.

"Something else I never told you, Doxie," resumed Mrs. Turner, knitting busily. "Before Howard married Lucy Moore he came here and told me all about it. He said he knew it looked as if he was a coward and a villain, and he asked me what to do. He said he didn't like anybody but you and he'd never be happy if he married anybody else. I advised him to go and tell Lucy what he told me. He did tell her, and she said she'd rather marry him even if he didn't love her a bit, and so he did. Doxie Turner, Howard Bunderman is a hero! What are you going to give me for supper?"

"I'll cook you a poached egg, grandmother," said Doxie in a queer little tone as she kissed the gray hair beneath the old lady's cap.

"I'd like it kind of early," went on the indulgent old voice. "I'm rather expecting a beau tonight. He came last evening and talked to me through this window when you was across the street. I told him he better come tonight. I hope you don't mind my having a beau, Doxie! What—say?" she called after her granddaughter.

Doxie turned suddenly and came back. Kneeling beside Mrs. Turner, she dropped her head against the bent little shoulder.

"Isn't it beautiful, grandma?" she whispered. "It's wonderful after doing all those things Lucy should be sorry and then name the little girl after me—after me! Somehow it seems as if I'm happier now than I was before anything happened at all. I wonder why it is."

Mrs. Turner was looking out at the red and gold sunset that crowned the short November day. "After suffering comes the purest joy, and it comes just when you've settled down to dreariness. Hark, was that the gate? Hurry, Doxie. I believe my beau is coming now!"

A Steeplejack's Story

He Became Convinced That His Wife Was a Remarkable Woman

By F. A. MITCHEL

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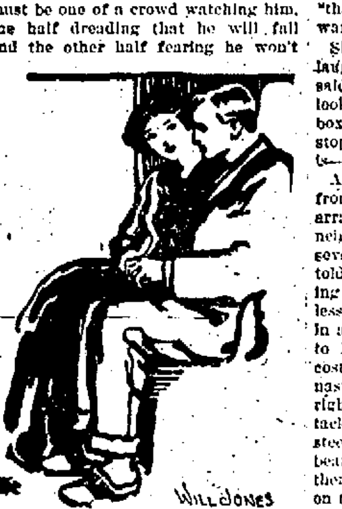
I am a steeplejack.

Now, I'll admit that a steeplejack is a very unique individual. We have "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," ad libitum, but how many steeplejacks? Probably not one in a million citizens.

And I am aware that while a steeplejack is very attractive to a crowd he is a constant source of worry to his own family, who don't know when his mangled body may be brought to his home on a stretcher or in a wagon. If his wife sees him at the work by which he earns their daily bread she must be one of a crowd watching him, one half dreading that he will fall and the other half fearing he won't fall. Taking him altogether, a steeplejack is not a desirable member of a family.



"I NEVER INTENDED TO CLIMB IT."

That was the reason why Mr. Davis, when I asked him for his daughter, Molly, turned, faced me squarely and said impressively:

"Yes, you may have Molly when she will marry you, each one of you swinging from an arm of the gilt cross on the top of St. Thomas' church."

"You mean by that, I suppose, Mr. Davis," I replied, "that I can't have Molly at all and because I am a steeplejack. Do you deny, sir, that a steeplejack has a heart the same as any man?"

"I'm not interested in steeplejacks' hearts. I don't propose that my daughter shall marry a man out of whom she can never get more than a bare living except by insuring his life."

"H'm!" I replied to this thoughtfully. "Not a bad scheme. Now, suppose"—

"You get out of here. I have something else to attend to than listening to airy schemes for my daughter's betterment. Good morning, sir."

Being thus cruelly choked off, I left him crestfallen. I thought it very hard that he wouldn't even permit me to propose my plan, though I'll admit that the only way to make it a success was to die. I went to Molly and told her what had occurred between her father and me. I was very lugubrious about it and expected a lot of sympathy. What did she do but burst out laughing. This made me look more disconsolate than ever, whereupon she threw her arms about my neck, exclaiming:

"Stupid, get that woeful look off your face."

"That reminds me," I replied, "of when I was a kid. When my mother used her slipper on me she would say after she had finished, 'Now be good and look pleasant.'"

Molly laughed again. "Seriously," she said, "did father say you could have me when I was willing to marry you swinging from the cross of St. Thomas'?"

"Yes, he did."

"Then that's the way we must be married. Grandma left me $20,000, but I'm not to have it without father's consent when I marry. Were there any witnesses present when he said this?"

"There was some one in the next room, but I don't know who?"

"I'll find out. I've got to become a steeplejack like you. That is to say, I've got to learn to climb steeples. I must get such control of myself that I can go up to the cross of St. Thomas' and hang there long enough to be married."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"No nonsense about it if I'm to marry you. I know father well enough to be sure that if he says a thing he'll stick to it. He has said, or implied, that he will only give his consent to our marriage under certain conditions, which he meant for a refusal. But in law, if the conditions are fulfilled, his consent has been given."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't, but I can ask a lawyer, can't I?"

"But, good gracious, you can't learn to climb steeples. One must be born with a head for that; they say a steeplejack has absolutely perfect eyes."

"Well, can't you hoist me up there at the end of a rope with a bag over my eyes?"

I thought for some time before answering this question. At last I said, "I don't know but I might."

"Come in tomorrow. Meanwhile I'll find out if we have a witness to father's conditional consent."

"But I've been dismissed."

"That does not matter. Father knows that I do as I please. He is aware that his only hold on me is that his consent to my marriage is necessary to my getting my legacy. And he's pretty sure I won't give up $20,000 for a steeplejack, and a very simple one at that."

Her last words cut me to the heart, but she put her arms around my neck and gave me a hug, which made me feel better. I left her feeling that she had a more level head on her shoulders than I, even if she couldn't climb steeples as I could. The next day I went to see her, and she said she had discovered who was in the other room when her father had been talking to me—a plasterer who had brought him an estimate for some work. She had found the man and asked him if he could repeat what was said. He gave the matrimonial condition word for word. Molly took it down in writing, and he signed it. Molly is a mighty practical girl and a very energetic one.

"There," she said, concluding her account of what she had done, "we've got father just where we want him."

"It seems to me," I replied dolefully, "that he's got us just where we don't want to be."

She laughed, and because I wouldn't laugh with her she boxed my ears and said "Look pleasant." This made me look worse than ever, but she kept boxing my ears till I had to smile to stop her. She's a great woman. Molly is—that is, in a certain kind of way.

A few days later I received a note from her saying that she had made an arrangement to visit a cousin in N., a neighboring town, where there were several churches, all with steeples. She told me to meet her there with climbing tackle and she would take her first lesson. I put my ropes and pulleys in a baggage car and went with them to N. I found Molly in gymnasium costume. She had taken prizes in gymnastics, and she said she would go right out to take a lesson. I sent my tackle to the church with the lowest steeple, climbed to the roof, fixed a beam from which I hung a pulley, then sang out to Molly to put the loop on the end of the rope under her arms and haul herself up. She did it without any trouble. Then I went to a window midway up to the steeple, fixed another beam, and this time pulled her up from below, and she got in at the window. I was surprised that she didn't wince. But, as I've said, there's a lot of "sand" in Molly.

Before we had finished the first lesson Molly was sitting on the base of the ball capping the steeple, a hundred feet from the ground. A number of people had collected below, watching her, and she kissed her hand to them. I saw from this that she had a steeplejack's head as well as I.

I remained in N. a week, and every day we did some climbing, the last day I was there going to the top of the most difficult steeple of all to climb. It was not very high, but there was a long pull with no rests from the base to the top of the spire. On the apex were a ball and a cross, and Molly hung from one side of the cross. As I looked at her hanging there it struck me more than ever that for that kind of girl Molly beat any one I had ever tackled.

This was valuable preparation, but the height was only 140 feet, while St. Thomas' was 250. But Molly said that if she could hang 140 feet above ground with her eyes open she could hang 250 with them shut. She seemed very happy over it all, and I wondered whether she was glad because she was going to get me and her $20,000, too, or on account of having demonstrated her ability to climb.

"Molly," I said, "it seems to me that you're mighty pleased at the prospect of getting a man who is nothing but a steeplejack."

"Well, I'll tell you why I'm so pleased."

"Why?"

"Ever since I was a little girl, father, in speaking to me of marriage, has dinged it into me that I was to marry high up in the social scale."

"Molly," I said, with difficulty controlling my trembling voice, "you've crushed me to earth."

I was pulling out my handkerchief to wipe away a tear when Molly kissed it away.

"Never mind, Jim," she said. "Doubtless there'll be lots of couples just like us, but there'll be none more loving."

That comforted me awfully.

We went back home. I told Molly that she must continue her climbing in order to keep her head at great heights. She said "All right," but didn't lay any plans for any more of it. One day she wrote me that she wished to see me at once. I went right round. I didn't see anything unusual in her appearance, which surprised me when she told me why she wished to see me. "And what do you suppose it was? Her father had heard of her climbing and, very much astonished and angered, asked for what it meant, whereupon she told him her scheme. He fumed and fretted for a whole day, then gave in. But he insisted on my leaving the steeplejack trade and going into business with him."

"Well, now," I said, overjoyed, "isn't it fine that you won't have to climb St. Thomas'?"

"Nonsense. I never intended to climb it."

"You didn't?"

"No; I contrived that father should hear of what I was doing, and I knew it would bring him round without that."

We've been married five years now, and I am getting to think sometimes in some things that my wife is my superior, although I'm more used to "going up in the air" than she.

Queer Miss Egerton

She Was Unintelligible to the Last

By EMMA MOREHOUSE

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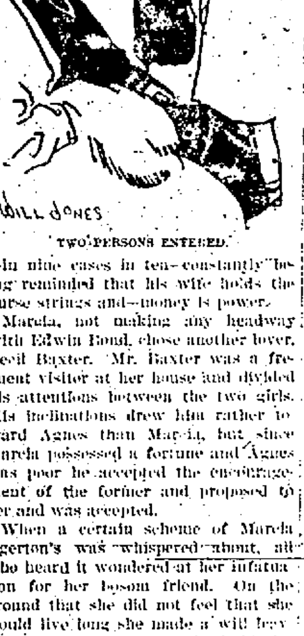
Miss Marcia Egerton was a peculiar girl. She seldom did anything as any one else would do it and was always doing things in a way that no one else would think of doing them. It is the purpose of this story to chronicle the roundabout way she acted in a matter that concerned herself and several other people.

In the first place, Miss Egerton, who was an orphan, inherited a large estate and came into possession of it when she was eighteen years old. The next most important thing about her was an intimate friend. Before her mother's death, when she was but twelve years old, she had conceived a violent affection for Agnes Hart, who was badly named, because she was not possessed of a heart at all. Marcia's mother opposed the intimacy and when her daughter was sixteen years old sent her off to school with no other purpose than to get her away from Agnes, but without avail. The two girls kept up an almost daily correspondence during the whole period of their separation and on Marcia's return were more intimate than before.

Mrs. Egerton died when Marcia was twenty, leaving her daughter her own mistress and in possession of a large property. She took her friend Agnes to live with her and lavished upon her everything a girl could desire. Several young men, each of whom would have liked to win Marcia either for herself or her fortune, declared that they were unable to separate her long enough from her girl friend to do so. And it was facetiously remarked that any one who married Miss Egerton must have two wives.

Marcia became interested in a young man—Edwin Bond—who found more opportunity to court than he availed himself of. He admired Marcia; but, having no fortune himself, he objected to being tied to a woman who possessed one. He was one of those young men who feel the zest of making a place for themselves in the world and knew that to do this he must be forced on by a powerful stimulus, for the man who marries a fortune is provided for, and he pays the price, which is



"TWO PERSONS ENTERED."

—in nine cases in ten—constantly being reminded that his wife holds the purse strings and—money is power.

Marcia, not making any headway with Edwin Bond, chose another lover, Cecil Baxter. Mr. Baxter was a frequent visitor at her house and divided his attentions between the two girls. His inclinations drew him rather toward Agnes than Marcia, but since Marcia possessed a fortune and Agnes was poor he accepted the encouragement of the former and proposed to her and was accepted.

When a certain scheme of Marcia Egerton's was whispered about, all who heard it wondered at her infatuation for her bosom friend. On the ground that she did not feel that she would live long she made a will leaving half her estate to a charitable institution to be named for and in memory of her mother. The other half she divided between her lover and her bosom friend.

Those who were observant noticed that Baxter's inclinations were rather toward his fiancee's friend than his fiancee. They also noticed that the friend, except when the fiancee was present, did not show any disposition to compel Mr. Baxter to reserve his especial attention for his betrothed. These people said, "What a pity that Marcia should not take herself off to heaven, leaving the poor their share of her estate and the lovers the rest of it." And yet there were others who claimed that, no matter what happens out of usual and conventional lines, tongues will wag; that these three young people understood one another thoroughly, and that was all there was about it. All agreed that the bequest was very lovely in Marcia, who was just the kind of girl to look out for the happiness of others and was as simple minded as a child.

Meanwhile Marcia Egerton seemed to be slowly failing. Her physician advised her to visit other lands. Since she couldn't very well go alone it was suggested that she be married and travel with a man. But she replied that she did not propose to throw any such obloquy upon a husband as making a courier of him. Then it was announced that she would take her girl friend with her. At this every one said: "That is exactly what was to have been expected. The society of the bosom friend is necessary; that of the fiance is not."

The two friends one day in January sailed on a Mediterranean steamer for Egypt. That is the last any one in America heard from them for several months; then one day Agnes returned, saying that she had left Marcia starting for a trip through the Holy Land. She reported her friend very much improved in health and not at all averse to traveling alone. Agnes was tired of traveling and preferred to go home. As soon as Marcia learned this, which Agnes said she had tried to keep a secret, Marcia would not hear of her remaining abroad any longer. Agnes, after refusing for a long while to return, had been literally compelled to do so by Marcia.

Since Agnes and Baxter were seen together a great deal after her return critical persons said that Agnes had come home purposely to monopolize him. The case excited more talk than any social happening that had been discussed in the place for years. Every one wondered that Marcia Egerton should be so blind. By some she was blamed for offering inducement for crime. Here were two lovers between whom she stood and who might be tempted to put her out of the way that they might be united, each with considerable means, into possession of which they would come at her death.

Then came a report that an American lady traveling in the Holy Land had been robbed and murdered. The report was confirmed, and the lady's name was given as Marcia Egerton. She had gone off on an excursion to a lonely place with a single guide where there was something curious to see, and he had returned to report that they had been set upon by thugs, the lady murdered and her money, including traveler's checks, taken. He said that he had buried the body at the place of the murder.

Baxter cabled and wrote to United States consuls nearest the scene of the tragedy asking for information. Nothing was adduced except the statement of Miss Egerton's guide, which was taken down in writing and sworn to. After waiting six months for the girl to turn up, nothing having been heard from her, the will was admitted to probate.

The evidence of the testator's death being deficient, the case dragged. Certain relatives who had hoped to benefit by the will opposed a settlement of the estate under the plea that there was not sufficient evidence that Miss Egerton was dead. It was six months after the reported death that the chancery court agreed to pay over to beneficiaries the three parts into which the estate was divided by the will.

About this time the announcement was made of the engagement of Cecil Baxter and Agnes Hart. A statement went forth that Marcia Egerton had had a presentiment that she would be summarily cut off and had requested in the event of her being so that her lover was to marry her friend. With angelic unselfishness she had provided in her will for their comfort. This satisfied every one except certain persons who had been watching Mr. Baxter and Miss Hart. They averred that though they might state truly [illegible] Egerton's part of the transaction it left much to be explained on the part of the two who were about to be married and inherit a fortune from her who was to have been the bride.

Baxter and Miss Hart were finally able to count on a date when their inheritance would be paid over to them, and they arranged to be married the day after receiving it. They agreed that they would place a stained glass window in the church they attended to the memory of the noble girl who had left each of them a comfortable fortune. The plan was laid, but the order for the work was not to be given until their property had been turned over to them. For a wedding trip they were to go to the Holy Land to gather information of the woman they loved and, if possible, bring the body home for burial.

One day they received a notice from their attorney that the papers in the case of their inheritance would be executed the next morning at 11 o'clock. They were all packed to go away as soon as the marriage ceremony had been performed the day after coming into possession of their property. All other matters, including the order for the memorial window, had received attention.

On the appointed morning they called on their lawyer and were taken by him to the office where the transfer was to be made. While they were sitting there two persons entered, one of whom especially they had not expected to see. They were Edwin Bond and Marcia Egerton, now Mrs. Bond.

There is no record of what was said between the testator, who had returned to life, and her expected heirs. All that is known about the sequel to the meeting is that Mr. Baxter and Miss Hart were never married. As to the memorial window, it was not required.

Many blamed Mrs. Bond for her action in deceiving her two friends, especially for going abroad and hiring a native to report her murdered. How she made it up with Bond she never told, but it was known that he went abroad while she was there and they were married there.

It has been said at the beginning of this story that Miss Egerton was a peculiar girl. What she meant by her performance, at what point she discovered the truth about Baxter and Agnes, she never told any one. She certainly went far out of her way to punish them, and punished them very severely. Whether they received more than they deserved is a question.

NEW BISHOP CONSECRATED LAST FRIDAY.

(Continued from Page 1.)

house adjoining the church. It was comprised of a long line of choir boys, priests and bishops. At the head upon entering the church was a crucifer, Donald Reubler, bearing aloft a brass cross. Directly behind came fifty men and boys in vestments, black cassocks and white surplices, hymn books open and singing "Ancient of Days." The only other hymn sung was "Rise, Crowned With Light." Next in order were the assistant master of ceremonies, Rev. J. T. Ward of St. Clement's church, Wilkes-Barre, and Rev. R. I. Murray of St. Luke's. Then came a second crucifer, behind him the visiting priests in the order of their seniority of ordination. These included the clergy from the Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Bethlehem, Pittsburg and Erie dioceses. Then came the deputy registers and the master of ceremonies, Venerable Reginald S. Radcliffe of Ridgway, Pa., archdeacon of Erie. Preceded by a crucifer came the bishops and behind them Dr. Israel the bishop-elect, and attending priests. The latter were Rev. Martin Aigner of Franklin, Pa., and Rev. Horace E. Hayden of Wilkes-Barre. In back of the bishop-elect was Bishop A. S. Lloyd of New York, president of the board of missions. There was a fourth crucifer in advance of the co-consecrators, who were Bishop Boyd Vincent of the diocese of Southern Ohio, and Bishop Talbot of the diocese of Bethlehem. Each was attended by a chaplain. Bishop Whitehead, the consecrator, came last under escort of Rev. W. E. Van Dyke of Smethport, Pa., who acted as his chaplain. The chaplains all bore the pastorial staff, a shepherd's crook of ebony and silver, symbolic of the authority of the bishops as pastors of their flocks. All in the procession joined in the singing and the congregation stood. Reaching the front of the church the bishops and their champlains took places in the sanctuary, Dr. Israel taking a place a little to the fore and between the co-consecrators.

A hush fell over the assemblage as the solemnity of the procedure impressed itself. Bishop Whitehead stepped forward and began the celebration of the holy eucharist with a recitation of the Collect. Bishop Vincent read an epistle and Bishop Talbot the gospel. Following this the congregation uttered the Nicene Creed. After this Bishop Lloyd delivered a sermon.

Upon the conclusion of the sermon the bishop-elect was vested with his rochet, a white linen vestment of the finest quality. The presentation was made by Bishops Olmstead and Darlington, whereupon Bishop Whitehead demanded testimonials of the bishops elect. There were six of these as follows:

1—The mandate for consecration from the presiding bishop of the church, Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D. D., LL. D., to be read by Rev. Martin Aigner, rector of St. John's church, of Franklin, Pa.

2. The certificate of election from the diocese of Erie, to be read by Rev. Frank T. Cady, secretary of the convention.

3. Canonical testimonial by Rev. Josiah Howard, of Emmanuel parish of Emporium.

4. The certificate of ordination of the bishop-elect to deaconate and priesthood, was read by Rev. W. H. Jones, rector of Trinity Memorial parish of Warren, Pa.

5. The consents of the standing committees of the diocese of the church, was read by Rev. W. Strothers Jones, D. D. president of the standing committee of Erie diocese.

6—The consents of the bishops of the church, was read by the Rt. Rev. Charles Tyler Olmstead, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Central New York.

The bishop-elect then gave utterance to the following promise of conformity in a strong and resonant voice that could be heard in all parts of the edifice:

"In the name of God, amen, I, Roger Israel, chosen bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, in Erie, do promise conformity and obedience to the doctrine, discipline and worship of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America. So help me God, through Jesus Christ."

Rev. Dr. G. W. Sterling of South Bethlehem, sang the litany; Dr. Israel kneeling and the priests and congregation making responses.

From his chair Bishop Whitehead put the bishop-elect through a public examination, the bishop-elect satisfying the consecrator that he will keep forever the beliefs and vows of the church. Bishop Whitehead arose and spoke a brief prayer after which the bishop-elect was clothed with the rest of his vestments and commanded to kneel. "Veni Creator Spiritus" was sung over him, Bishop Whitehead beginning it and the priests and congregation responding. All stood but Dr. Israel. This was followed by a prayer after which came the actual consecration and the most impressive moment of the entire service. Bishop Whitehead and the rest of the bishops surrounded the bishop-elect, and as he remained in a kneeling posture they laid their hands upon his head, Bishop Whitehead saying:

"Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop in the church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen. And remember that thou stir up the grace of God, which is given thee by this imposition of our hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness."

At this stage Dr. Israel now bishop of Erie, was presented with a pastorial staff of ebony and silver. It was a gift from the clergymen of the Bethlehem diocese. Next a heavy gold seal ring was given him. It had a huge amethyst stone that has cut in it the private seal of the bishop of Erie. The Vestry of St. Luke's made this gift. A pectoral cross of gold, set with amethysts, suspended on a chain for wearing about the neck. The cross is a replica of one worn by St. Cuthbert many centuries ago. Mrs. W. T. Smith made the gift. Bishop Whitehead then presented Bishop Israel with a new bible. The consecration was now over and there was communion. After the benediction there was a recessional, those in the procession obeying the same order as upon entry to the church, the rear being the place of honor. Rev. Murray had the honor of being the new bishop's chaplain in the recessional.

Numerous gifts have been made to Bishop Israel by members of the congregation. Among them were the vestments used in the consecration.

The visitors were given a luncheon at the parish house, after the services.

WOMEN, sell guaranteed hose. 70 per cent. profit. Make $10 daily. Full or part time. Beginners investigate. Strong Knit, Box 4029, West Philadelphia, Pa. Feb.9-6t

The morning mists were fading fast
When through the luncheon room there passed
A man who ordered breakfast food
And got a bowl of nicely stewed excelsior.
—Springfield Republican.

He bade the frightened waitress stop.
"Is this," he cried, "an eating shop?"
His angry voice went up to C.
"By George, you can't upholster me—excelsior!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Over the telephone:

"Are you going to motor downtown this morning, Mabel?"

"No; let's meet at the corner and hobble."—Buffalo Express.

No dragon is my chaperone.
She's full of life and charm.
She has a method all her own
To hold me safe from harm.

It is a method very wise,
Though simple as can be—
When men come by she makes such eyes
They never look at me.
—Lippincott's.

"Is your wife backward with your people?"

"Not a bit. She has already begun to teach sister how to look stylish and mother how to cook."—Kansas City Journal.

I saw an object cross the street
Which looked as though it had no feet
And I [illegible] to be in my distress,
It was a [illegible] in hobble dress.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Even if your dear old mamma (I admit that she is sometimes a little trying), you should remember that she will leave us a great deal when she dies," the young wife said sincerely.

"I don't," said he rather hopelessly, "Yes," he admitted. Then he brightened for a moment.

"Do you suppose," he suggested, "that she would be willing to leave us less when she dies and give us a while before then?"—Harper's Bazar.

He's crossed the cloud with canvas wings,
High o'er the dangers he [illegible],
Clearing the snowy peaks, by jingo!

He looketh down on ships and shops;
He soars again [illegible]
Then like a [illegible] to Gosh!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Aviator (to workman who has rescued him from the sea)—Ah, my preserver, my good preserver!

Workman (disgustedly)—Stow it, guv'nor. Don't chaff a feller just because he works in a jam factory.—Tit-Bits.

There once was a fullback who hunted
For trouble and got all he wanted,
For he started to fool
With a government mule—
His tombstone reads simply, "Confronted."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

"How far is it to Gloomyville?" we ask of the native who is leaning over the gate.

"Ten mile, straight ahead," he answers.

"But we met a man a little way back and he said it was only two miles."

"Short, fat man, drivin' a dead-often sorrel hoss?"

"That's the man."

"Did you meet him or pass him?"

"We passed him."

"Thought so. He's drivin' a balker I traded him, an' he didn't want his hoss to know how much furder it had to go."—Chicago Evening Post.

There was a young jokesmith named Lytton,
Who once with brain fever was smitten,
And he nevermore spoke,
For he thought of a joke
That was new and had never been written.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Marriage," said the serious man, "is an education in itself." "Yes," commented old Grouch, "it teaches you what not to do after you've done it."—Boston Transcript.

SIRES AND SONS.

Mr. S. Goulichambaroff is the chief petroleum geologist of the Russian government.

It is said in Paris that the Prince de Sagan is a walking monument of debt. He enjoys the distinction of owing more money than any private person in France.

Senator Depew is seventy-seven years old. He will be succeeded by a Democrat as the outcome of the election. Senator Depew says he is glad to retire.

Dr. Alfonso Costa, the minister of justice in the provisional republican government, is considered the most brilliant republican orator and the best lawyer in Portugal.

"Our luckiest peer" is a title bestowed upon the Marquis of Butte. At the age of twenty-eight he is one of the richest men in the United Kingdom, his annual income being estimated at more than $1,000,000.

Robert T. Lincoln of Chicago, son of Abraham Lincoln and president of the Pullman Car company, has leased a house in Washington. Since his term as secretary of war expired in 1885 Mr. Lincoln has made only occasional visits to the national capital.

Ernest Rutherford, professor of physics in the University of Manchester, is the highest living authority on radio-activity. He is credited with the discovery that all matter in its ultimate constituents is the same, and many of the problems of arrangement and combination have been solved by him. Professor Rutherford was born in New Zealand in 1871.

The Writers.

Mrs. Lionel Marks, known in literature as Josephine Preston Peabody, is the mother of two charming children, which is as much a matter of pride with her as her success as an author.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the author, is in private life Mrs. Clayton Glyn, the wife of an English squire and justice of the peace. She is described as tall and slender, with a very white face surrounded by masses of auburn hair.

Maurice Maeterlinck, one of the foremost writers of prose and verse in the French language, can have a seat among the forty immortals of the French academy for the asking, but he must first become a French citizen. He is by birth a Belgian and loves his country. His compatriots urge him not to abandon Belgium.

Short Stories.

There is an average of about one cow to every five persons in the United States.

Diamonds and laces run a close race with tobacco and liquors in popular favor as measured by the value of their imports.

The United States is estimated to use 37,000,000 tons of ice a year, of which 22,000,000 tons are natural ice and 15,000,000 tons are artificial.

A Rotterdam blacksmith was so overcome with joy on hearing that he had won $5,000 in a lottery that in his excitement he lit his pipe with the ticket and is now unable to prove his claim.

English Etchings.

There is one clergyman to every 2,000 persons in London.

On the jury at a London coroner's court recently were a Mr. [illegible], a Mr. Dickens and a Mr. Dombey.

Only one lord mayor of London has died while in office since 1770. This was Lord Mayor Nottage, who expired on April 11, 1885.

A Liverpool building is to have the largest clock in England, with dials twenty-four feet in diameter. The dials on the clock in St. Paul's, London, are twenty-two feet six inches.

State Lines.

It's mighty lucky for New York state that all her 9,000,000 people have not seen South Carolina.—Charleston News and Courier.

Indiana accounts for its comparatively poor showing in census returns by the fact that most of its authors have moved to New York.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The danger is that just as soon as Missouri gets its new state song and a state flower some one will bob up with a demand for a Missouri "slogan."—Kansas City Star.

Aerial Flights.

Aviation has one advantage over other modes of travel—you can always be sure of making good time on the return trip.—Boston Transcript.

Aviation is said to produce irritability and nervousness. It is at least true that too many aviators are falling out.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Plenty of ordinary people have garages now, but only a few of us are able as yet to point with pride to our hangars.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tales of Cities.

There are nineteen cases of duplicate street names in the city of Manchester, N. H.

A number of apartment houses of four or five stories, with basement rooms two to four stories below the street level, are being built in Amsterdam, Holland.

San Francisco luxuriates in salt water baths away from the sea. Private houses have salt plunges, and there are a number of public bath houses fed with sea water.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Annie Wakeman Lathrop is making a tour of this country to study the conditions of American women for a group of London newspapers.

Miss Mary E. Holmes, class of 1895, is the chairman of the committee of alumnae in charge of the work of building a student building at Wellesley college.

Miss Frances Melville, M. A., Edinburgh, recently received the degree of bachelor of divinity at St. Andrews, Scotland. She is the first lady to have attained this distinction in a Scottish university.

Miss Catherine Dame, who for the last several years has been chief of the cataloguing department in the library of Cornell university, has gone to Albany to take a similar place in the New York state library.

Mrs. George W. Fackler, widow of a millionaire machinery manufacturer, purposes to start a movement among the women of the country to stop exhibitions of wild animals and birds and to eliminate zoological parks.

Mrs. M. F. Maude, widow of the late Canon Maude, celebrated her ninety-first birthday recently at her home at Overton-on-Dee, England. She has held the honorary post of secretary of the Missionary Leaves' association since 1870. Mrs. Maude is the author of the famous hymn "Thine Forever."

New Year's Customs.

French families always make a special point of being reunited at the New Year.

The Romans always make it a practice to appear in new clothing on New Year's day.

The peasants of Italy hail the New Year by beating wildly on frying pans and shovels.

On New Year's eve Chinese merchants pull down their old advertising posters and put up new ones.

In Greece the father of a family, however poor, must give his wife and each child a New Year present of money.

Scotsmen regard the taking of money on New Year's day as a very risky proceeding, even though it be in payment of a debt.

In Germany if millet and herrings only be eaten on New Year's day it is believed that money will be plentiful all through the year.

In Japan at the New Year business generally is suspended, both private and public. The jinrikisha coolie is the only man who works.

Current Comment.

The prospect that the consumer will shortly be able to consume something is about the rosiest outlook upon the national horizon.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The hobble skirt may do for avenue promenading, but it is a flat failure for wear when ice skating. Not a few young women have found that out.—New York Sun.

With Postmaster General Hitchcock personally leading raids upon bogus get-rich-quick schemes it begins to look as though there are a lot of American promoters who will be compelled to go to work.—Nashville Tennessean.

Household Hints.

Old huckabacks make an excellent polishing cloth for plate. For wiping delicate china old linen has no equal.

Poorly ventilated kitchens have something to do with the prevalence of poor cooking, authorities say, since the vitiated air destroys the sense of taste and smell.

Measure the capacity of your lamp if the front is of some material other than glass and prevents you from seeing the height of the liquid. Then use for filling a quart or pint measure marked in fourths and thirds.

Sporting Notes.

Milwaukee wants the 1912 American bowling congress.

The American Automobile association has 31,000 members.

Columbia's varsity eight is to have a new shell. So is Pennsylvania.

Jockey Danny Maher is twenty-nine and has been riding since his fourteenth year.

Columbia's varsity crew will row a two mile race with Annapolis on the Severn river on May 13.

Political Quips.

Cheer up! How would you like to be the politician who has to count the days between now and 1912?—Atlanta Constitution.

However, there will be enough Republicans in the Sixty-second congress to keep them from being pointed out as curiosities.—Washington Post.

The defeated Republicans are doing a lot of worrying about the fearful task the Democrats have ahead of them. 'Twas ever thus.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Royal Box.

Emperor Francis Joseph speaks twelve languages.

Emperor William of Germany, like his father and grandfather, is a skilled workman and has all his sons equally well trained.

Queen Mary, wife of the present king of England, makes it her chief business to save as much as possible. She believes in economy and seeks to discourage entertainments that are wasteful in their luxury and extravagance.

Passports in Russia.

Russia is very careful whom it allows to travel in central Asia. An ordinary Russian passport will not admit one to this district.

Oldest Fire Engine.

The original fire engine, the first machine of its kind ever made, is preserved in the old parish church at Dartmouth, England. It is only four feet long and four feet six inches in height. The car rests on four small wheels, and the hose is attached to the top. A clumsy lever placed at the back of the car sets the machine in motion. The stream thus forced through the pipe was very small and doubtless had very little efficiency.

The Raven.

There is no country in the world in which the raven is not found to be native. It is also the only bird known to ornithologists which is of such cosmopolitan character.

Rats in Warfare.

At one time the soldier found the rat a serious enemy or a valuable ally, according to the point of view. James' military dictionary says that the rat was sometimes used in military operations for setting fire to powder magazines by means of lighted matches tied to his tail.

Transit of Venus.

A transit of Venus occurs only four times in 243 years. It is most important to astronomers because it gives them an opportunity of measuring the distance of the earth from the sun.

The Willow Tree.

The tree which has the largest area under ground is the weeping willow. This tree's roots spread to such an extent that should there be any trees or shrubs planted within thirty feet of them in a few years the roots of the willow will be found intermingled with them.

Jamaica.

Jamaica is more populous in proportion to its size than Spain, Turkey, Russia and some other European countries. The white people, however, are outnumbered by the black and colored by nearly fifty to one.

Weight of Milk.

There are 45.4 quarts in 100 pounds of milk.

Cloudy Mirrors.

Cloudy mirrors should never be seen in a house. Rub them with a cloth wrung out of cold water and dipped in dry whiting and then polish them with a dry duster and they will bring you credit.

Small Bits of Gold.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking. Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809,520 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye.

Snow and Vegetation.

A study in Germany of the protective effect to vegetation of a mantle of snow has disclosed the fact that the looser the snow the greater its power to protect what is beneath it.

An Old Ox Cart.

The Los Angeles chamber of commerce has what is claimed to be the oldest vehicle in the United States—an ox cart built by Pueblo Indians in the seventeenth century.

The First Congress.

The First congress was elected in November of 1788 and was assembled in special session March 4, 1789—earliest possible date. Its predecessor, the Continental congress, first met Sept. 5, and after holding fourteen sessions at various cities, the choice of location not being entirely optional, was adjourned sine die Oct. 21, 1788.

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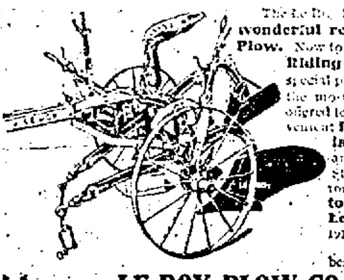

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